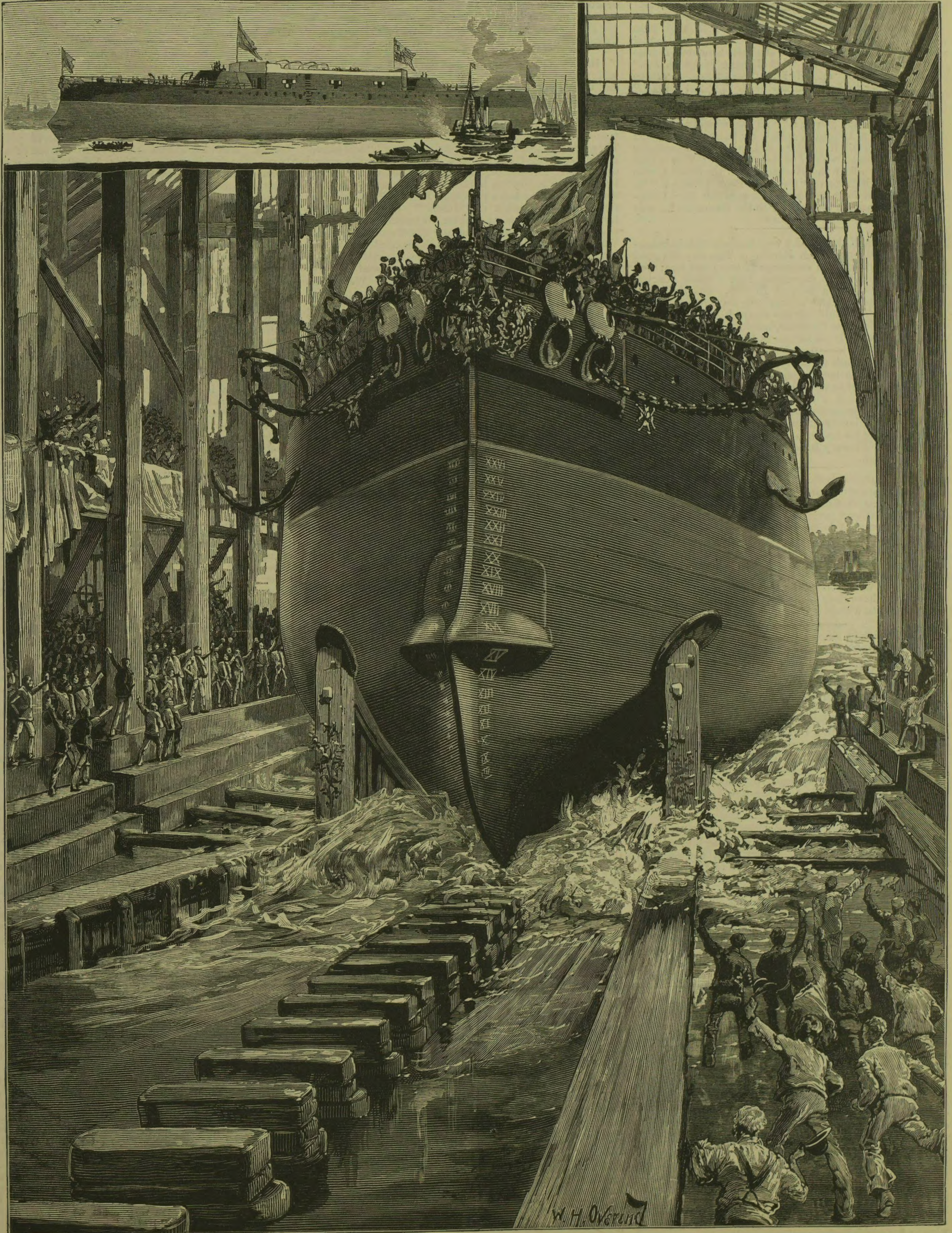


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LAUNCH OF H.M.S. RODNEY AT CHATHAM.

OUR NOTE BOOK

The embarrassment of a guest in a London mansion who mistook his noble host for his own butler, was almost equalled last week in Paris by the correspondent of a Hungarian paper, who had been sent there to ascertain the mission of Count Herbert Bismarck to the gay city. In the reading-room of the Grand Hotel he found that all the German newspapers had been collected by one gentleman, so he approached him and said, "After you, if you please; or, better still, will you allow me to glance at them for five minutes, I only want to see one thing." "With pleasure," was the courteous reply, "or can I be of any assistance to you? I have just been through them all." "I want," said the correspondent, "to see whether any of them say what Count Herbert Bismarck is here for." "That is precisely what I want to know, too." "Are you then a 'special'?" "Sometimes." "Have you been able to find out anything?" "Not a word." "Well, you know he is staying in this hotel; we must try to see him." "I have already done so, but he knows no more about it than you or I." At this moment a servant entered with a telegram, which he handed to the last speaker, who read it eagerly, and, saying good-evening to his interlocutor, walked rapidly away. "Who is that gentleman?" asked the Hungarian of the servant, who was still in the room. "Count Herbert Bismarck," he answered, and in a few more minutes the Iron Chancellor's son was seen driving off to the station on his way to Berlin.

Commander Hutton had a very ticklish task in bringing the Dryad home from Bombay. This ship did good service in the Egyptian campaign of two years ago; and in remembrance of its experience kept a black goat on board, which the men took at El Teb. She then proceeded to Bombay; and it was only on account of the rotten state of her hull that she was ordered home, and is now being paid off at Chatham, much to the regret of her crew, who are nearly all natives of Devonport.

John Chinaman is tolerably wide awake, and has contrived to evade the laws expressly framed by the United States Government to prevent him from settling there. He goes now to Havana, where for about £5 he can procure a passport and a naturalization paper. Armed with these documents, he boldly enters New York as a Spanish subject, pursues his business without let or hindrance, and returns to the Flowery Land as soon as he considers himself rich enough.

Colour-blindness is dangerous, and in fact disqualifying, in engine-drivers and other railway employes, and moon-blindness is equally undesirable in sailors. Yet Vice-Admiral Close says that H.M.S. Trident once ran a narrow chance of being wrecked right under a lighthouse because the navigating officer was moon-blind—that is to say, unable to see the light which stared him full in the face only half a mile off, and suggests that the loss of the Wasp was due to a similar catastrophe. If this conjecture be well founded, both officers and men ought invariably to have their sight tested before starting on a voyage, or even a cruise.

Two important events have just occurred at Budapest—the opening of the Hungarian Reichstadt and that of the new and splendid Opera-House. For the latter occasion, Liszt, the well-known musician, composed a new cantata, but unhappily the leading *motif* was that of a Magyar melody with revolutionary associations, and, as the Emperor was to be present, its performance would have been akin to welcoming a prince of the House of Bourbon to his ancestral throne by playing the Marseillaise. It was quite unintentional on the part of the *maestro*, and he did his best to remedy it by substituting some fragments of an old Hungarian opera. The first night, however, was not destined to pass over without a sensation, for a house close to the new building caught fire, and a panic was with difficulty averted.

This week, as Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, Mr. Ruskin begins a course of lectures on "The Pleasures of England." Amusement, admiration, and surprise are likely to be felt by every one who listens to this eloquent master of English. Agreement is not necessary to enjoyment when a man of Mr. Ruskin's genius and eccentricity pours out of his treasury things new and old. Of this we may be sure: the thoughts he utters will carry with them the strength of strong conviction and the suggestiveness that quickens intellect and awakens sympathy. The last lecture of the seven, in which "Mechanism" will be discussed under the heading of "The Pleasures of Nonsense," promises, from the standing-point of Mr. Ruskin's philosophy, to be especially noteworthy.

In these Notes last week we referred to Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture, purchased by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, as "Sympathy." Of course this was a mistake, the great and well-known masterpiece being the lovely portrait of little Otty Gwatkin, the artist's niece, which is named "Simplicity." This charming work, painted in 1789, when Sir Joshua was sixty-six years old, shows no sign of declining years, no symptom that the hand had grown unsteady, or the eye dim. According to the book of Mr. Pulling, M.A., on the subject of the first President of the Royal Academy, the great master was then as fresh as ever, and "Simplicity" exactly expresses the character of the portrait. It is the ideal of happy, guileless babyhood, the personification of the "simple child that lightly draws its breath." Yet there is nothing insipid in the little maiden; she is an honest, frank, good little girl. It is an idyl in itself; and, with its graceful landscape background and the simple wild flowers which the child holds so carelessly, is indeed a gem of which even so celebrated a collector as its new owner may well be proud.

Much of the charity of the present day is of an eminently practical and self-sacrificing character. Instead of merely contributing money, men and women are expending time and thought on the improvement of the miserable and the fallen. Four years ago, a refuge for young women and girls was opened in Ratcliff Highway, which is superintended by a lady who has with her a band of lady-workers. The mission ought to be better known than it is, since it is free from the sectarian element which sometimes cramps charity. The work has been successful, and it is necessary that the premises should be enlarged. "I have myself," writes Miss Steer, the superintendent, "lived for four years in Ratcliff Highway, and other educated women are perfectly willing to join me, had we accommodation for them." An appeal such as this deserves a hearty response. If these noble-hearted women are ready to give their lives to the work, those of us who live at home at ease may at least take our light share in this fruitful labour by subscribing to its support.

It has been announced that Covent-Garden Theatre will in the course of a few weeks be turned into a circus, and votaries of theatrical and musical high art are raising their voices loudly against the promised degradation. Yet Covent-Garden Theatre has from time to time been the scene of riot and disaster. It was here that an attack was made on what the audience considered to be "their rights." The proprietors, in 1763, attempted to suspend "half price," an old-established custom that has only recently passed away. Mr. Fitzpatrick, an Irish gentleman, was ring-leader in the opposition to the new plan, and was heartily encouraged by no less a personage than Mr. Francis, now accepted as the author of "Junius." The night chosen for the demonstration was one for the benefit of Mr. Victor, who had altered for the occasion "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Speeches were made to the excited visitors, and it was not until benches were torn up, lustres and girandoles broken, and wanton destruction of all sorts of property completed, that the management gave in. Within the last few years, too, it has witnessed more than one disgraceful riot by the class known as medical students, while the drinking-bars and promenade concerts and their attendants are hardly of the highest class. With such a record, the sticklers for dignity of the drama need not make a fuss about the proposed introduction of circus clowns and bare-back riders.

Nor has Covent-Garden Theatre had more than its share of good luck. Finished and opened on Dec. 7, 1732, under the management of Mr. Rich, its value so increased that in the year 1767 it was purchased by Colman, Harris, Powell (the actor), and Rutherford from his executors at the price of £60,000, subject to a ground rent of £300. But the subsequent discordance between the partners was the first onslaught on the popularity of the playhouse. On Sept. 20, 1808, the theatre was burnt to the ground; and, though the effects were insured for £50,000, the loss was immense, and included the organ left by Handel as a legacy to the theatre. The new house that was built up never prospered. After scuffles, scandals, and encounters between managers, Kemble retired from the direction, ruined. Then opera was tried; then melodrama; then Macready, after whom came Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews. They lost their all, and were ejected by the proprietors, who once more endeavoured to manage the theatre. At length, in 1856, while a conjurer was giving a masked ball of the most vulgar kind, the Covent-Garden Theatre was again destroyed by fire. In this year the present house was built, and in it Italian Opera seems to have found at least a temporary grave.

Lord Londesborough and Archdeacon Blunt deserve well of all who have the interests of dumb brutes at heart. With several other humane gentlemen, they last year offered prizes to the owners of the horses and donkeys for hire on Scarborough sands that had been kindly treated and looked well and happy at the end of the season. Animals bad enough for the class of work necessitated by the demands of tourists at seaside resorts are not as a rule particularly well cared for. Frequently, their proprietors are little better off than the beasts themselves, and enjoy a return on their capital for a few weeks only in each year. During the remaining months, the animals are often practically idle, so that the poor donkey boy may be perhaps excused for making hay while his sun shines. But even in their working time beasts deserve more consideration than is their share, and therefore it is to be hoped that the excellent example set by the noble and reverend gentlemen will be followed, and that the practical remarks made by Lord Londesborough at the first distribution of prizes last week will re-echo far and wide.

In 1881 Sir John Willoughby gave three thousand six hundred guineas, it is said, for the yearling that became known at three years of age as Queen Adelaide; and only the other day, at Newmarket, Queen Adelaide was put up to auction, and did not nearly reach the reserve price of three thousand guineas. It is true that she won some valuable races at two years of age, but not enough to justify the price originally paid for her. Such vast sums given for yearlings recall the Claimant's famous philosophical remark in his note-book: "Some men has plenty money and no brains," &c.

The scoundrels whose mission, as they seem to think, is to "blow up" everybody and everything have been blowing up the Parliament buildings at Quebec now, and once more O'Donovan Rossa is mixed up with the matter, as usual. He "declares that he knew of the plot at Quebec before it was carried out, and he exultingly warns the residents of every city protected by the British flag to take to flight if they desire their safety." We can rake up old statutes and can enforce strange laws to put down harmless nuisances like more or less honest costermongers; couldn't we rout out some old treaty, or make some new international arrangement, or do "something short" to get rid of such a nuisance as O'Donovan Rossa, or, at any rate, as the song about Dick Turpin has it, "perwill on him to stop"?

Of course it is a "smart" thing, an "enterprising" thing, to obtain "early information," whether about a scheme for Redistribution or about anything else as to which the public "wants to know"; but should information be obtained, as the man of the world in Horace says "res" should be obtained, "rectè si possis; si non, quocumque modo"? Leader-writers in newspapers come down very heavily on immorality, dishonesty, dishonesty, and the like; and should newspapers, then, encourage persons who take an unfair advantage of opportunities, persons like Mr. Wellington Potts, or whatever his name was, Mr. Charles Marvin, and other "enterprising" individuals? Newspapers, as the great educators, are in a very responsible position; they ought to discourage, surely, anything approaching to moral laxity. "Instead of which," to borrow a celebrated saying, they "go about the country" gathering information by means which an Ancient Pistol, but few other people, would admire or recommend.

"Bon sang ne ment pas" is a true saying, or a saying that very often proves true; and Horace truthfully remarks that "Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum Virtus." The last example cited is St. Gatien, the horse that ran a dead-heat for the Derby, won the Cesarewitch the other day with a heavier weight than had up to that time been successfully carried for that race by any horse of any age, and, like St. Simon has never yet been beaten. Now, St. Gatien is said to be the son of a cab-horse (The Rover, son of Blair Athol), though by no means a common cab-horse; and even if he be the son (as some persons say) of Rotherhill, he is, nevertheless, equally of "bon sang," though the sire was not greatly distinguished as a performer. Yet the good blood has come out. It is not irrelevant to remark that Squirt, the sire of Marske, was led out to be shot as worthless before he became the sire of Marske aforesaid, of Syphon, and of the celebrated Purity's dam; and that Marske himself, sire of Eclipse, was sold for twenty guineas by a farmer, who was "highly pleased that he had quitted with, as he thought, a bad bargain."

When we say, as we very often do, that "we are not a military nation," what do we mean? Not, as some people seem to suppose, that we do not produce Generals who can compare with any other Generals (witness Marlborough, Wellington, Napier, and the rest), or that we have not soldiers who will "go anywhere and do anything"; all we mean is that that position makes us perform rather naval than military, and Continental nations comparatively rather military than naval. But when we say, as we very often do, again, that "we are not a musical nation," we are generally supposed to mean it literally. Sir Julius Benedict, a great authority, however, on the 12th inst., declared that "no greater falsehood had ever been uttered," because "in his opinion," and he doubtless has music in his soul—"the English are the first musical nation in the world" (Cheers). Well done, Sir Julius. But does he darkly allude to the wide-spread patronage of barrel-organs?

Ordinary readers, who know little or nothing of horse-racing and betting, but who, nevertheless, read their newspapers right through for conscience sake, must sometimes be as much puzzled as if they were reading Hebrew or Chinese. It would be interesting to know what they make of such a statement as this:—"When the 'pencillers' met to-day there was a very 'full house,' but not much business doing. However, matters improved a little when a 'City leviathan' stepped forward and offered seven and a half 'monkeys' against the little chestnut. This occurred in a quiet corner; but when the intending backer fell back upon second thoughts and 'made tracks' for the bookmaker, the last-named was not of the same mind, and more especially so as in another quarter he had laid 100 to 12 no fewer than eleven times." This is not a quotation from anything published at Hanwell or Colney Hatch.

Honour being so much dearer than life to heroic souls, as we read in the works of moral philosophers, novelists, and professors of fencing, how comes it that, when two fire-eaters like Captain Fournier, Ambassador of France, and M. Henri Rochefort, editor of the *Intransigeant*, have a little affair to settle, they not only confront one another with "toasting-forks" instead of fire-arms, but "make it up" when each has received "a scratch," one in "the neck" and the other on "the right hip"? It was, of course, because the "seconds," as they are called, "agreed that honour was satisfied." Then the "seconds," who have been or may be "principals" in their time, think that a "scratch," under certain circumstances, may represent the damage done to "honour." If so, wouldn't it be as well to leave such "affairs of honour," under such insignificant circumstances, to cats, or to the peculiar class of human beings known as "beldams"?

Vegetarianism bids fair to achieve a conquest. Dr. Richardson, who is well known as an agitator in favour of cold water versus alcohol; who denounces tobacco, and regards tea and coffee with suspicion, appears likely to move a step further in the direction of keeping "a pure table." At present he indulges in "the flesh pots," and is not the sworn foe of beef and mutton, but he is evidently ready to free himself from this bondage, and to browse in the green pastures of the vegetarians. He has discovered in the tone of society a tendency in this direction; he hints that the consumption of fruit and cabbages may effect a great social and political revolution, and he suggests that his new friends should call chemistry to their assistance, and extract milk from vegetables. Why we should take this trouble to procure what, "for purposes of food," may serve as milk, when cows yield the genuine article so liberally, Dr. Richardson does not say. It would seem that there is what one may call an extreme party even among vegetarians. To abstain from animal food is not enough; it is now hoped that the time may come when little cooked food will be eaten, and "Nature's products taken just as she herself prepared them." If Nature is to be followed, it would be logical to eschew chemistry. Why send away the cook in order to promote the chemist?

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"An' de gompany vought mid de duple lecks Till de polisheman made us shtop." So sang Hans Breitmann of one of the least enjoyable episodes of the famous "Barty" which began with "biano blayin'" and ended with a free fight. But there was some explanation, if there was no excuse, for the outbreak of turbulence in which the Breitmann "barty" culminated. There had been too much "souse und brouse" about. The consumption of Lager had been awful. The poet himself admits that the guests "all got droonk as bigs," and he himself acknowledges having "put his mout to a parrel of peer, And droonk it oop vid a schwigs." Emboldened by the maddening wine, or at least beer cup, he proceeded to "giss Matilda Yane." That justly-offended damsel was fain to "shlog" her impertinent admirer on the "kop" or head; and that led to "de gompany" breaking up the tables and fighting with the legs thereof until the New York police made their appearance on the scene, and carried off the ringleaders in the fray to the Jefferson Market station house.

"De Gompany"—a perfectly uninvited company—have been fighting at Birmingham, not with table-legs, but with chairs, billets of wood, clubs, and whatever other aggressive weapons of a non-lethal kind came handy. A Liberal mob on Monday, Oct. 14, scaled the walls—even broke down the walls in some parts—surrounding the grounds of Aston Hall, where the Conservatives were holding a monster demonstration, and, to adopt Breitmannian parlance, "Raised Cain and Broke Things." The mob prematurely exploded the fireworks, including a portrait of Sir Stafford Northcote; stormed the platforms in the different halls where the Conservative leaders were to have made speeches; hustled the reporters; howled themselves hoarse, and, in fine, "smashed up" the Demonstration. It is a moot point whether the practical invisibility of the police was a matter to be regretted or to be rejoiced over. Had the borough constabulary been present in force they would have been obliged to use their truncheons. Then the row would probably have become a riot; and at last it would have been necessary to send for the military. It would have been a shocking thing to revive the grim memories of the Bull Ring.

I remember once taking a lady to the great annual Onion Fair at Birmingham. After about a quarter of an hour she entreated me to conduct her home again. She felt frightened. Everybody, she said, looked so big and so strong, and she expected imminent quarrels. And yet the propinquity of onions should make us tender, even to tears. Everybody knows that from more than one point of view the people of Birmingham are Ugly Customers. The Midland Conservatives, it is to be hoped, showed fight, and let their opponents "have it" with their fists and the chair-legs as hard as they could; but they were clearly outnumbered. I miss from the row the element of English fair-play. The Tories had every right to demonstrate to their heart's content in that which was for the evening their own domain; and the mob of roughs who scaled the walls of Aston Park ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves.

I hope that Messieurs the Reviewers will be kind to Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's new work, "The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington: with Pictures of the Period in which She Lived" (2 vols., Hurst and Blackett). The adventures of the graceful, brilliant, and kind-hearted Irish actress were not very momentous, and her life was not very exemplary; but she makes a most interesting central figure, round which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has made to revolve a varied and picturesque panorama of London life in the middle of the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole, Lord Hervey, Colley Cibber, Dr. Doran, Lord Macaulay, George Anne Bellamy, Macklin, and other authorities are laid unstintedly under contribution for the biographies which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy narrates and the good stories that he tells; but he has a gift and a charm which are peculiarly his own. He is a *voyant*—a *clairvoyant* even, from a literary point of view. He sees things—not in the present, but in the past—so clearly, grasps them so tenaciously, and reproduces them so vividly, that they come to us without any of the dust and rust of time. It is as though he were uncorking a bottle of old madeira, laid down perhaps when Alderman Beckford was Lord Mayor, and deftly pouring from the cobwebbed flask a liquor that has lost nothing of its generosity, and is still clear as a bell, sound as a roach, sweet as a nut, and strong as a Turkish *hammal*. The last simile, I am afraid, is incongruous. The *hammals* of Stamboul and Pera, who carry—who well carry—on their backs a chest of drawers as jauntily as though it were a lady's bonnet-box, are tectotallers.

"What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Is it not my Lord Chesterfield who warns us that it is very rude to mingle vulgar proverbs with our familiar discourse? Of course it is rude; yet I cannot refrain from quoting the old saying when I read that the clergy of Stratford-on-Avon issued a protest against the local statute fair or "mop" held on Monday, Oct. 13. "Let us be freed," exclaimed the reverend remonstrants, "from such disgusting sight and smell of half-roasted oxen and pigs in our midst, stopping our best thoroughfares, and suggestive of nothing but cannibalism." It may be stated that a feature of the Stratford "mop" is the roasting of a number of oxen and pigs on spits in the streets.

Yes; that which is one man's meat is another man's poison. The Symposium against which the Stratford clergy so warmly protest is only the dim English survival of the mediæval "barbecue." That very old festivity, transplanted to America, has, as I mentioned a week or two since, flourished exceedingly in the States, and attained colossal proportions. The Shelbyville barbecue was hilariously enjoyed by thirty thousand guests. The clergy of Stratford-on-Avon think that the custom of a barbecue is much more honoured in the breach than the observance. There is not much that is surprising in the objection entertained by the clergy and by many of the

county gentry to "mops, roasts, and stalties": celebrations held ostensibly for the hiring of servants, but which in recent times have been the occasion of much drunkenness and dissipation.

A statute fair on the stage, especially in the comic opera of "Love in a Village"—why is that delightful lyrical drama never played nowadays?—is a highly frolicsome and humorous entertainment. I mind that admirable comedian the late Robert Keeley, in the "Statty Fair" scene in "Love in a Village," standing forth, in a smock frock and a billicock hat, smacking a long whip, and singing a song beginning, I think—

If you want a good lad with a stout, honest heart,
That knows how to manage a plough or a cart.

The burden of the ditty was "Gee, Oh! Dobbin!" The agricultural interest was not hopelessly ruined in those days; and the "Statty Fair" was deservedly popular.

I never went to but one Statute Fair, and that was some ten years ago. It was held in a village a few miles from Birmingham. Whether it was a "mop," I do not know; but I am certain that it was a "roast"; for an ox was being roasted whole, *al fresco*, in the yard attached to a public-house. The spectacle was, I declare, a most dismal and sickening one. The month was November; the day a drearily rainy one; the roasting beast would not "take a good colour," but sputtered and scorched to a dull orange-tawny and dingy brown-ochre hue; the smell was anything but inviting, and in the surrounding crowd the males were generally grimy, and, to a considerable extent, beery. Cheap printed calicoes, brazen faces, and unmannerly conversation were conspicuous among the ladies. It was not at all like "Merrie England in the Olden Time." Was there ever a "Merrie England in the Olden Time"? George Daniell's book and Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes" to the contrary notwithstanding.

But whence "mop"? Dr. Brewer tells us that some few days after the statute fair a second, called a "mop," is held, for the benefit of those not already hired. This fair "mops" or wipes up the refuse of the statute fair, carrying away the dregs of the servants left. An ingenious conjecture. It may, however, at the same time be borne in mind that an archaic name for a young girl is a "moppet," and that a "mop" means also a wry mouth, a grimace. Perhaps the "mop" of Merrie England (if there ever was a Merrie England) began with "mops and mowes and wreathed smiles," or with grinning through a horse-collar—the true "agricultural outlook."

A Norfolk correspondent ("E. R.") wishes to know the meaning of the expression "Go to Pot"—whether it be slang, whether it refers to a person, place, or thing, and so forth. I can only tell my correspondent to refer to the index to *Notes and Queries*, in which learned and entertaining publication the origin and the meaning of "Go to pot" were discussed some years ago. It is, at least, of mediæval date, and has some kind of reference, I fancy, to the pot full of penitential ashes which, prior to the Reformation, used to be placed at the heads of dying persons. In course of time, to say that a person or thing must "Go to Pot" meant that the person or thing was irrevocably doomed to dissolution or destruction. It was equivalent to the marking of the forehead of the condemned criminal in ancient Greece with the letter *theta*, for *thanatos*. I remember reading in some contemporary account of the deliberations of the conspirators in the pretended Popish Plot the phrase "James also must Go to Pot." The conspirators (according to Titus Oates) had settled all their arrangements for the assassination of Charles II., and subsequently decided that his brother James, Duke of York, should be involved in the same fate—i.e., "Go to Pot." In modern times, the saying has become mere slang.

Touching the cracking of long whips by rustics in smock-frocks, "Delta" writes me from Stroud (Glos.):—"Can you give me any information as to the following singular performance in Caistor church, Lincolnshire, and when it fell into disuse?" :—

In the early part of the century, in the spring—I believe on a certain Sunday in Lent—a man, dressed in a smock-frock and armed with a large carter's whip, ascended the pulpit, and kept smacking the whip over the head of the clergyman, during the reading of the first and second lesson.

A relative of my correspondent—a native of Caistor—was an eye-witness on several occasions of this curious religious exercise. I am densely ignorant of English folk-lore, and have no idea of what the performance could have meant, unless it was remotely allusive to the once customary Lenten self-flagellation of the faithful.

The esteemed lady who wishes me to tell her the origin of the use of the "doyley," or "d'oiely," which are placed under the finger-glasses at dessert, is respectfully informed that that doyleys or "doilys" have been repeatedly discussed in this page, and that the back volumes of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are to be obtained from the publishers. I may add that the ventilation of the "doyley" subject brought me a large mass of correspondence from various members of the ancient and historic family of D'Oyley or D'Oily—correspondence which I was very sorry to be unable to publish *in extenso*. As it chanced, it was only yesterday that I was reading in Jules Janin's big book of antiquarian and picturesque gossip, "La Normandie," a list of the Norman Knights who came over to England with the Conqueror; and turning over the schedule at random (I wanted a name of chivalric sound for the hero of a story), I came upon Beaumont, Beaufou, Boutevilain, Montfort, Amberville, Roumilly, Riviere, Beaujeu, Morimont, Basqueville (Baskerville?), De Gournay (Gurney?), Bray, Tracy, Marmion, Beck, Montgomery, Courtenay, St. Clair, Harcourt, Longeville, Mortimer, Du Pont, Mandeville, Tancarville, and D'Ouille. At first I chose Beaufou as the name of my hero. "Ralph Beaufou, Lord Harumscarum"; but ultimately decided in favour of Boutevilain. There is a fine aggressive ring about it, suggestive of kicking a refractory serf down all the stairs of the donjon, even to the lowest dungeon beneath the moat.

Mem.: Some two hundred Norman lords and knights seem to have come over with the Conqueror; but not so many as fifty have left any permanent mark in English nomenclature.

"Sir," writes "M. D." (St. James's), "why do gentlemen almost always take off their hats to chimney-sweeps?" But they don't. At least, I never heard of the practice. Not that the "chummies" go altogether unattended by marks of public respect. In the days when the London mob was the noisiest, merriest, and best-natured of mobs (long before the time of the bestial and cowardly rough), the appearance in a crowded outdoor assemblage of a sweep in full professional costume always elicited from the many-headed a good-humoured shout of "Make way for the Clergy"; and the dense throng parted and made a lane for the gentleman in black (soot) to pass. Even now, I should say a sweep has ample elbow-room allowed him in a railway carriage.

"C. N. P." writes me from St. Petersburg that in the English church (lately rebuilt) at Moscow the first bride who was married was presented by the churchwarden with a beautiful new bride and a handsomely printed congratulatory address. The genial churchwarden said that the gift was in conformity with an old English custom. Is there such a custom in our midst?

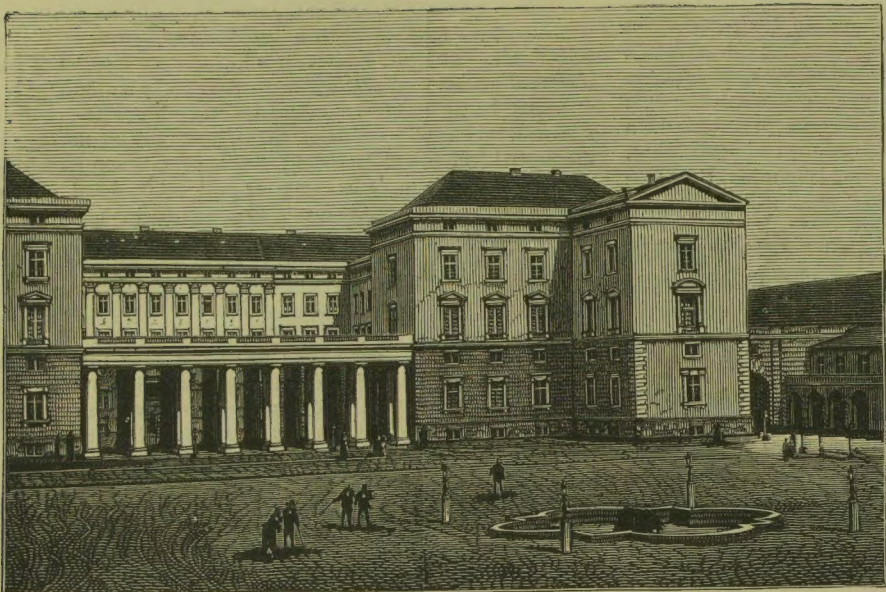
M. Max O'Rell, by-the-way, severely disapproves of the language used by the clergyman in the Form of the Solemnisation of Matrimony. In his recently published "Filles de John Bull" (I am reading it in the ninth French edition, and its predecessor, "John Bull et son Ile," is stated to be in its forty-second edition), M. Max O'Rell gives a burlesque description of a wedding according to the rite of the Church of England, and expresses himself as deeply shocked and scandalised by the crudity of the preliminary homily addressed by the celebrant to the bride and bridegroom. *Cosas de Inglaterra*, M. Max O'Rell. You have found out more about English manners and customs than ninety-nine out of your French forerunners have been able to do; but still, your knowledge of John Bull, his Island, and his Daughters, is amusingly superficial. It is about the kind of knowledge that, with great assiduity, might be picked up by a French author in an English school, who in his moments of leisure sedulously reads the English newspapers, and whose female acquaintance had been in the main restricted to the wives of small tradesmen and the daughters of lodging-house keepers.

For example, in describing the sleeping apartment (*allons donc*) of "Mistriss John Bull," M. Max O'Rell has the hardihood to say that the apartment resembles the bedroom of a French female domestic servant. "Six straw-bottomed chairs, narrow and fragile, an iron or brass bedstead, a toilet-table before the window, a wardrobe generally without a glass, and a sitz bath"! That, according to M. Max O'Rell, is the furniture of Mistriss John Bull's bed-chamber. *Tout cela sent son hôtel garni*. As regards the English system of bed-making, read the following:—

In making a bed in England it is not the practice, as it is in France, to remove the bed-clothes one by one in order, subsequently, carefully to replace them one by one, so as to avoid making the slightest crease. In England the bed-clothes are simply turned down to the foot of the bed; the feather-bed is shaken, and then the bed-clothes are chucked (*on refanque*) to the head of the bed again.

When a man makes a "molly" of himself by describing the work of the housemaid, he should at least be strictly accurate in his descriptions. M. Emile Zola is often abhorrent, but he is rarely inaccurate. I made it my duty to institute some inquiries concerning bed-making in the gynæceum attached to this establishment. The authorities of the gynæceum informed me (with a smile of contemptuous compassion) that the process of bed-making in a well-ordered English household is as follows. To begin with, the windows are opened and the bed is thoroughly stripped, and the articles are hung, one by one, over the backs of chairs. The mattresses are turned and returned over the end of the bed. In the household in which I occupy a subordinate position we shun feather beds, and our heads repose on hard pillows. At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour the mattresses are replaced in position, and the bed is carefully made, the different covertures being scrupulously adjusted one by one, so as to make all smooth and tidy. M. Max O'Rell's experience of English housekeeping might have been gathered from a sojourn in some Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings, where the maid-of-all-work was a "slavey" at eight pounds a year, who wore black cotton stockings long before sable hose became fashionable, and who generally had hers adorned with a hole in either heel. I hope to return to M. Max O'Rell's "Filles de John Bull" again and again. The book is exceedingly clever and amusing, invariably good-humoured and tolerant, and as full of blunders as an egg is full of meat. Why on earth did he not get some English friend to look over his proofs before the book saw the light? By so doing he might have saved himself from printing the ridiculous mis-statement (page 74) about our Divorce Court procedure.

An irate gentleman, signing himself "A Railway Official," has written to the leading journal protesting against Mr. Gladstone's "most reprehensible practice of making speeches from the windows of railway carriages." "Considering," writes the "Railway Official," "the enormous traffic continually rolling along, I am sure that every intelligent man will concede that 'addressing the nation' from railway carriages is very undesirable, to say the very least of it. And where is the line to be drawn, or is the practice to be confined to Prime Ministers?" The protest is an entirely sensible one; and the practice of spouting from railway carriage windows should not only be abandoned by politicians, but strongly discountenanced by the railway companies. It is really intolerable that a railway platform should be converted into a scene of turbulence and confusion merely because hundreds or thousands of idle people want to hear a statesman orate from a carriage window at the risk of the "bleck" and the "staff" system being totally disorganised and a horrible smash occurring. The original fault is in the *gobemouche* crowd, who would be delighted if Mr. Gladstone climbed up a greasy pole, in addition to declaiming from a window; or if the Marquis of Salisbury danced a saraband on the footboard of a saloon carriage, while Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Randolph Churchill did "The Bounding Birds of Babylon" on the locomotive; but public men should have common-sense and self-command enough to disappoint the *gobemouches*, and travel in dignified taciturnity. G. A. S.



WING OF THE CASTLE.



THE FIRE.

BURNING OF CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE, COPENHAGEN.

CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE, COPENHAGEN.

This stately Royal palace at Copenhagen, occupied by the two Chambers of the Danish Rigsdag or Parliament, but not used as the King's residence, was destroyed by fire a fortnight ago. Our Illustrations present views of the building, and of the scene during the conflagration. It was a modern edifice, erected about sixty years ago on the site of one previously burnt, but the original castle, renowned in the history of the Danish monarchy, was of the twelfth century. Its position is in the oldest part of the city, on an island called the Slotsholm, formed by canals adjacent to the harbour, but connected with the other streets by bridges. The State apartments, which were very splendid, were used for ceremonies and festivities of the Court of Denmark, the last occasion being on Aug. 15, when the King received the International Medical Congress. The collection of paintings and other works of art was saved by great exertions, but Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of Alexander's entry into Babylon was fatally disfigured. The Thorwaldsen Museum of Sculpture, which stands near this palace, escaped injury. The books in the library, archives, and documents of historical or political interest were also preserved.

SKETCHES IN UPPER EGYPT.

The scene delineated by our Artist, M. Montbard, was sketched by him, two or three years ago, at Kenh, a town on the right bank of the Nile, opposite the grand ruins of the Temple of Dendera, nearly four hundred miles up the river from Cairo. Kenh is at the Nile terminus of the shortest road across the eastern desert from the port of Cosseir, on the Red Sea coast, and is the entrepôt for much trade finding its way to the market of the Khan-el-Khalily at Cairo. It has, also, a considerable native manufacture of hand-made pottery, beautiful in colour from the rich reddish-brown of the clay, and often gracefully artistic in shape. The finest dates in Egypt are purchased here, and some of the Arab and Egyptian merchants possess considerable wealth. The town has no architectural features of interest, being a mere big collection of mud-built houses in dismal and dusty streets. There is a large inn, near the Pasha's palace, used by Mussulman pilgrims resting here on their way to Mecca. They assemble in a court roofed with palm-stems and matting, and sit round it, with pipes and coffee, upon a divan of bare brick, or on the clay floor, to enjoy the

favourite entertainment of seeing the "ghawazi," the impudent dancing-girls for whose performances Kenh is especially renowned, swinging about their limbs and bodies to the music of the "rabab," a rude sort of one-stringed fiddle. The performer, who belongs to a class of females nowhere deemed respectable, is sumptuously attired in yellow or green silken robes of decent length, and loose red trousers, with a profusion of ornaments, necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, bangles, and strings of gold coins fastened in her black hair, or forming a girdle round her waist. She often carries a pair of brass castanets, beating them together in time with the music. Her motions are rather posture-making than dancing in steps, and their violent voluptuousness has a disgusting effect in the eyes of European spectators. Mr. Fairholt, in his "Up the Nile," and Mr. Julian Arnold, in "Palms and Temples," describe this exhibition with little approval, and bear witness that none of the "ghawazi" have much pretension to beauty.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has been presented with a highly congratulatory address by the Corporation of Cork.



THE CASTLE OF CHRISTIANSBORG, THE DANISH HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.



1. The family go to the seaside: Miss Clara's pet is forgotten.
2. The Cat, left behind, diverts herself with the sparrows.
3. Commits larceny at the milk-cans.
4. Helps herself at the cats'-meat basket.
5. Looks sharp after the mice.

6. But they keep out of danger (and this Cat becomes so thin, that she is not fit to be sent to the Cat Show).
7. On the contrary, the Jones's Cat, which has not been so neglected, arrives in good condition at the Crystal Palace.
8 and 9. She plays and enjoys herself.

10. Eats well.
11. Drinks.
12. Cleans herself.
13. Rests and sleeps.
14. Returns home, crowned with honours.

OUR CATS: A DOMESTIC HISTORY.

BIRTH.

On the 8th inst., at 43, Sloane-street, S.W., the wife of Oscar de Saigé, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 8th inst., at South Stoneham Church, Southampton, by the Rev. W. D. Harrison, M.A., Ernest Charles Lambert Congdon, R.M.L.I., youngest son of the late Colonel Congdon, to Agnes Alice, only child of John Cardus, Esq., of Town Hill Park, West End, Southampton. No cards.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d. Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and Grand Hotel Building; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus Office; also at Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNEIGHT, General Manager.

DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 9½ hours; to Cologne, 15 hours; to Berlin, 26 hours; to Vienna, 32 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gothard, 35 hours; and to every great City on the Continent. Also to the East, via Brindisi. Single and Return THROUGH TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 66 lb. of Luggage gratis on board of the mails. BEDS against SEA-SICKNESS. Refreshment and dining rooms. Private Cabins. Stewards, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL MAIL, and Express Trains.

Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars. Agencies at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, Montagne de la Cour, 90a; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c. Daily conveyance of ordinary and special parcels.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playwrights in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTEEN. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Cornys Car, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE OF CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, OCT. 23, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the inimitable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 25, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.

The Illustrated London Almanack for 1885, containing Six Coloured Pictures, by F. De Neck, F. H. Pavy, and G. O. Harrison, enclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper, printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process; Twenty-four Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Occurrences, with Explanatory Notes; and a great variety of Useful Information for reference throughout the Year, will be published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News," next Wednesday, Oct. 22, Price One Shilling; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny. Post-Office Orders, &c., payable to Ingram Brothers.

LAUNCH OF H.M.S. RODNEY AT CHATHAM.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, on Wednesday last week, attended the launch of this powerful ship of war at Chatham Dockyard. Her Imperial and Royal Highness performed the operation of turning a small wheel, to release the weights by which the immense hull was deprived of its retaining props on the sloping ways, so as to let it slide into the river. The Rodney is the second of a new class of vessels to be named after famous English Admirals. Her measurements are—length between perpendiculars, 325 ft.; extreme breadth, 68 ft.; depth in hold, 26 ft. 5 in.; the draught is, forward, 26 ft. 3 in.; aft, 27 ft. 3 in.; mean, 26 ft. 9 in. The great width of beam gives the ship that buoyancy and stability necessary to an armoured vessel carrying a considerable top weight of steel-plated turrets and heavy guns. Throughout, the Rodney is built of steel, and a broad belt of steel-faced armour is carried along her sides amidships, protecting the water-line from shell or shot. Her citadel is made secure by armour 18 in. thick along the sides and 16 in. at the ends, and her gun-deck is shielded from a raking fire by armoured screens, while the two polygonal barbettes in which the heavy guns are mounted are cased in armour 10 in. to 11½ in. thick, with the facets set at a slope. Below the load-line is an armoured deck which, before and abaft the citadel, is 2½ in. thick. The main deck over this part of the vessel is formed of three thicknesses of 1 in. steel plates. The armament will include four 63-ton breechloading guns, placed two in each of the barbettes; six 6-in. breechloaders on the gun deck, twelve 6-pounder quick-firing shell guns, eight Nordenfeldt, and two Gardner guns. There are four positions, two on each side, for the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes, of which she will carry twelve. With twin screw vertical compound engines, it is expected that a speed of sixteen knots per hour will be attained. These engines are from the works of Messrs. Humphrys, Tennant, and Co.

On Monday the Middle Templars opened their gardens to the general public to witness the splendid show of chrysanthemums of the present season. The flowers were in beautiful condition, although they are exhibited, owing to the remarkably genial weather of the last few months, three weeks before the usual time. The Inner Temple-gardens, where the flowers are in a forward state, will be opened next Monday.—The usual display of chrysanthemums in Finsbury Park will be opened to the public to-day (Saturday).

MUSIC.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

This important triennial celebration—the twenty-first—took place this week. Having already given details of the arrangements for the performances, and a list of the principal works selected, we have now merely to record the opening of the Festival. The oratorio chosen for the occasion was "Elijah," which has, ever since its first production at Birmingham in 1846, generally been fixed on for the inauguration of our provincial festivals—a notable exception having occurred at Worcester last month, when Mendelssohn's great work was superseded by M. Gounod's "Redemption," "Elijah" having been shifted to the second evening. In this week's Norwich performance of "Elijah," a feature was the appearance of Miss Emma Nevada, to whom was assigned some of the principal soprano solo music. This young American lady appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," in 1880, since when she has obtained much success at Paris. Miss Nevada sang the soprano music of the second part of the oratorio with refinement, but some want of power. The other principal soloists were Misses Williams and Damian, Madame Patey, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley. Of Miss Nevada's merits we shall speak further next week, with the fuller opportunity afforded by her performances in Gounod's "Redemption," Mr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," and "The Messiah"; and in secular pieces in the miscellaneous concerts. Besides the works named above, the week's programmes have included Mr. C. V. Stanford's "Elegiac Ode" (to words by Walt Whitman); M. Massenet's tenor scena, "Apollo's Invocation"; a new march, entitled "Camp Life," by Sir Julius Benedict; a madrigal by Mr. Barnby; and part-songs by Dr. Hill and Dr. Bunnett—all Festival novelties, to which we must refer next week.

Next Monday, the 20th, being the anniversary of the death of M. W. Balfe, a Balfe commemoration concert is to be given at Covent Garden Theatre.

Three Richter concerts are to be given—at St. James's Hall—on Oct. 28, and Nov. 4 and 11. Although the programmes promise no novelty, they are of varied interest.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis, the eminent pianist, has announced a second series of her interesting performances of Beethoven's chamber music; to take place, at Prince's Hall, on Nov. 19, Dec. 19, Jan. 20, Feb. 18, and March 18.

OUR CATS.

It was recently announced that, in addition to the refuge for lost and stray dogs, and the accommodation for dogs temporarily placed by their owners in charge of the institution, hospitality would be extended at Battersea to an equally popular kind of domestic favourites, "our cats," which too often suffer cruel neglect when London families leave home for a month or two in the summer and autumn holiday season. The illustrations furnished by our Artist this week are designed to show the probable experiences of feline life in the deserted household upon those occasions, when the proper servants, as well as the ladies and children, may be absent for many days, and there is perhaps only a "care-taker," with a casual charwoman, to look after the premises, some indifferent strangers who will scarcely think of Pussy, and whom Pussy will be afraid to approach. Orders may have been given to take good care of the cat; but, if the perplexed and timid creature does not come forward daily, at a convenient hour, to ask for what she wants, the cats'-meat man will have called at the house door in vain, and Puss will go hungry, prowling or dozing in out-of-the-way corners, in the cellar or on the housetop, believing that the new human inmates have no friendly intentions toward her. If a saucer of milk is placed for her in the kitchen, it will not be easy to persuade her to sip it in the presence of those in whom she feels no trust, and whose voices and manners are probably less gentle than those of the mistress and the maids to whom she is happy to belong. Under these distressing circumstances, cats have been known to prefer helping themselves by stealth to the contents of the milk-can, or to skewered slices of questionable flesh brought in a basket for sale on account of their regular diet, and, in some rare instances, they have resorted to still more criminal depredations in the household larder. We do not attempt to palliate the guilt of such practices, but would only plead for some consideration of the weakness and fallibility of feline nature, and the pressure of actual want resulting from defective social or domestic arrangements. It may be said, on the other hand, that the cat's business and duty is to catch mice. If the mice would allow themselves to be caught, she would be glad to do so; but if they keep out of her reach, is that any fault of hers? is that any reason why she should be starved to death? She has often been blamed, when Miss Clara was at home, for trying to catch the small birds in the garden; but she has seen that young lady's Papa and brother returning from a country visit with pheasants or grouse which she understands were killed by them; so Puss does not think it can be very wrong after all, and pursues her little game, but with scant success. What with one thing, and what with another, anxious, worried, and uncertain of her future prospects in life, missing too the affectionate caresses, the flattering praises, the winning glances and sweet speeches of her absent patronesses, this poor cat has been pining sadly; she is thin and weak, dirty and stupid, not fit to be seen—certainly not fit to be sent to the Crystal Palace Cat Show. It is thought she is ill, she is going to die, she will be dead before they come home.

How different is the situation of the neighbour cat, belonging to Mrs. Jones! This animal is carefully provided for and constantly tended; everything is done to make her happy, and she is as fat as she can be, while no cat, so far as we are aware, ever becomes fatter than she ought to be. She eats heartily, drinks judiciously and discreetly, plays joyfully, cleans herself punctually, rests and sleeps most peacefully; it is quite a pleasure to see her. Finally, she wins a prize at the Cat Show, and is crowned with glory and honour.

The Queen has given £25 to the marine station for scientific research at Granton, on the Firth of Forth.

Lord Fortescue, distributing the prizes at the Devon County School, West Buckland, said the school should be independent and self-supporting, and should give a sound and thorough education, with comprehensive religious teaching.

Miss Farnell has been elected to an open scholarship at Lady Margaret Hall. The scholarship, which is tenable for three years, is of the value of £35 per annum.

The Elcho Challenge Shield, which was won by the Irish team at Wimbledon, was on Monday deposited with the Dublin Corporation by Major Leech, on behalf of the Irish Rifle Association.

On Monday the Duke of Cambridge inspected the Portsmouth Garrison troops on Southsea Common, and subsequently presented the Sudan medal to a number of men belonging to the Royal Irish Fusiliers. The Duke on Tuesday inspected the troops in the Isle of Wight.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Theatrical entertainment more refined and diverting than that which Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte has hitherto supplied at the elegant and comfortable Savoy Theatre it would be difficult to discover. Albeit the comic operas of "The Sorcerer," and "Trial by Jury" are not new, these exceedingly humorous works of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert were on Saturday night, the Eleventh of October, as gleefully enjoyed by a brilliant audience as if they had been successful novelties. It was made quite clear that much fun was yet to be obtained out of the well-exploited realm of Topsy-turvydom. Prefaced by its delightfully melodious overture, relished all the more from the fact that Sir Arthur Sullivan himself conducted, "The Sorcerer" was brightly opened by the tuneful chorus of village lasses, whose coquettish Kate-Greenaway costumes were especially charming. What if reminiscences of "Faust" were suggested by Constance's first sweet aria? The recital of the demure damsel's fond attachment for the middle-aged baritone Vicar was none the less acceptable. Admirably acted as well as sung, "The Sorcerer" never went better, if it ever went so well. As the arch-contriver of all the mischief, the spell-worker who by means of his insidious philtre and "Der Freischütz"-like comic incantation makes the most unmatchable couples fall in love with each other, Mr. George Grossmith is in his element. The Sorcerer veils his identity under the name of Mr. John Wellington Wells, it will be remembered. Among the drollest situations are those in which the irreproachable Lady Sangazure betrays her passion for Mr. Wells, and the high-bred dame's quondam admirer, Sir Marmaduke Poindeux, finds the mature charms of Mrs. Partlet, the pew-opener, irresistible. These cleverly individualised parts tell the more because of the point and spirit displayed by Mr. Grossmith as Mr. Wells, and by Miss Brandram as her Ladyship, Mr. R. Temple as the elderly baronet, and Miss Ada Dorée as Mrs. Partlet. Similarly excellent in every way is Mr. Barrington as Dr. Daly; while for archness and coyness Miss Jessie Bond's Constance is equally praiseworthy. As the bride and bridegroom, Aline and Alexis, Miss L. Braham and Mr. Durward Lely are well matched. Mounted with richness and good taste, and diversified with attractive incidental dances, "The Sorcerer" is, in a word, interpreted so well that the merry opera has unquestionably entered upon a fresh lease of life. Author, Composer, and leading Vocalists fully deserved the enthusiastic calls with which they were honoured. As though "The Sorcerer" were not a sufficing pabulum for one evening, the uproariously funny dramatic cantata of "Trial by Jury" is thrown in at the Savoy as a palatable dessert; and serves to introduce Mr. Barrington in the wig and gown of the amorous Judge, a bevy of captivating choristers as bridesmaids, Miss Dysart as a tuneful plaintiff, and Mr. Durward Lely as the tenor defendant.

The birth-place of Gilbert-Sullivan comic opera has not flourished since Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte removed to the popular Savoy. Nothing daunted, Mr. Harrington Bailly has reopened the Opéra Comique for a short season with Mr. Edward Rose's neat version of Mr. F. Anstey's quaintly funny schoolboy story of "Vice-Versa," and the three-act Baby farce of "Nita's First," by Mr. T. G. Warren. The wonderful transformation of father into son, and of son into father, effected by the magic power of the Garudâ Stone; and the mortifications Mr. Bultitude has to undergo as a schoolboy at Dr. Grimstone's academy, are as amusing as ever in "Vice-Versa." The ingeniously contrasted characters in "Nita's First," the surprising complications arising from Nita's clandestine marriage, and the adventures of the missing baby, tell as well at the Opéra Comique as they did at the Novelty. The farcical comedy is zestfully enacted by the author, by Mr. Percival Clark, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Eleanor Buffon, Miss Edith Bruce, Miss Agnes Verity, Miss Emily Miller, Mr. W. E. Gregory, and Mr. F. H. Herbert. Bill-of-fare light and good, the Opéra Comique only needs customers.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's bold attempt to reach the topmost rung of the dramatic ladder of fame being made too late in the week to be noticed in the present issue, I must reserve for the next Number a review of "Hamlet" as produced at the Princess's Theatre.

Renamed the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties since it has obtained the Music license, the spacious choreographic temple on the east side of Leicester-square is to be reopened to-night with a miscellaneous entertainment whereof ballet will still be the chief staple of attraction.

The jocund band who afford infinite pleasure to the quiet people rejoicing in "Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment" have returned to St. George's Hall with "Cherry-Tree Farm" and "A Terrible Fright," to which Mr. Corney Grain has added a sprightly and laughter-provoking musical sketch, "Troubles of a Tourist." G. A. S.

Mr. P. Coll has been appointed Crown Solicitor for Dublin in the room of Mr. W. Anderson, retired.

A testimonial has been presented to Dr. Jabez Hogg by the members of the John Hevey Lodge of Freemasons, of which lodge he is treasurer and one of the founders. The testimonial consisted of a beautiful portrait in oil of Dr. Hogg.

The Gazette states that her Majesty has been pleased to appoint Mr. Roger Tuckfield Goldsworthy, Lieutenant-Governor of British Honduras, to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of that colony.

The Mayor of Manchester has officially intimated that he cannot legally entertain the demand for a poll with reference to the Manchester Ship Canal scheme.—At a special meeting of the Salford Town Council it was resolved, with three dissentients, to impose a two-penny rate for promoting the Manchester Ship Canal scheme.

The Council of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce have passed a resolution declaring that the project of renaming the streets of Dublin would, if carried into effect, be most injurious to the interests of the trading and commercial classes and to the community at large; and that it would create a vast amount of commercial and postal confusion and inconvenience.

The total amount resulting from the shilling charged each person who inspected Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, near Chester, has been sent to Chester Infirmary in the shape of a cheque from the Duke, who is president of the institution, for £500, no less than 10,000 persons, including a considerable number of Americans, having gone over the hall during the past year.

At the reassembling of the School Board for London on the 9th inst., after the usual summer vacation, the annual statement by the chairman of the work of the Board was read, from which it appears that 367 schools, accommodating 328,683 children, are now under its charge. After pointing out that there is still, according to the last census, a large number of children for whom educational provision should be made, the report alluded to the outcry about over-pressure as exaggerated, and justified the estimated expenditure for the present year of £950,804, to meet which the Board had issued a precept for a rate of 8d. in the pound.



AN EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. MONTBARD.

THE RECESS.

"What is called by courtesy a Recess" (to quote the plaintive language used by Sir Stafford Northcote on Monday after the Birmingham broil) has come to be far from a period of recuperative holiday-making mainly for our foremost Statesmen. It was, doubtless, out of the fulness of his heart that Sir Stafford Northcote spoke as he did of what used to be a time of rest. Have not the Opposition Leader and Ministerial Leader of the Commons alike, since the prorogation of Parliament, spent laborious days and consumed much midnight-oil in forging thunder-bolts to deliver one against the other? But to what purpose? Numberless as have been the speeches made upon the Franchise Difficulty during "what is called by courtesy a Recess," neither party appears to have reached a single step further. The rumours of compromise and rational concession which filled the air a fortnight ago were baseless, if we may trust wholly to the stubborn platform utterances that have fallen more recently from the lips of the Marquis of Hartington and the Marquis of Salisbury. But there are other sources of information besides public meetings. Lending an ear to the well-informed in these inner circles, one might be excused for thinking that, in spite of the valiant open protests at Kelso and Birmingham, the means have been devised to bring about the passing of the Franchise Bill by the House of Lords majority, which has paved the way by formally declaring in favour of the principle of the measure. This action on the part of the Lords has certainly not been rendered more difficult by the irregular publication in *The Standard* of one of the Redistribution draughts prepared for the Committee of the Cabinet. After the remarks of the Marquis of Hartington at Chatsworth respecting the Redistribution scheme, it is probable that the Ministerial bill will not differ very materially from this prematurely revealed plan. Be that as it may, a considerable amount of valuable time would be spared could some influential Peer persuade the majority in the Lords to pass the Franchise Bill with good grace, and thus facilitate the introduction by the Government of their complete Bill for the Redistribution of Seats. If the meeting of the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Earl Cairns at Gordon Castle should eventually bring about this desirable result, it will not have been held in vain.

Rhetoric, meanwhile, luxuriantly flourishes. If, as the Marquis of Hartington declared last Saturday at the vast Chatsworth meeting, "the resources of the Constitution are not yet exhausted," it must be allowed that the vocabulary of the English language has been taxed to the utmost in the discussion of the County Franchise question. In emulation of the late Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill have even exercised their ingenuity in the art of coining phrases. Thus, at Kelso on Saturday, Lord Salisbury retorted on Sir William Harcourt, who had termed the noble Marquis "an arrogant dictator," by calling the Home Secretary a "roystering blade." His Lordship furthermore called Mr. Chamberlain the "Nemesis of Lord Hartington," and airily dismissed Mr. Gladstone as "an aspiring and encroaching Minister." As for Lord Randolph Churchill, rather before the time he accused the Marquis of Hartington of having "chucked up the sponge"; and, speaking after dinner at Birmingham on Tuesday, the noble Lord objected to the Constitution being handed over to the "Pinchbeck Robespierre, Mr. Chamberlain, or to the renegade Democrat, Sir Charles Dilke."

Party exasperation reached its head on Monday at Birmingham, where the greatly preponderating number of Radicals appeared to have entertained a strong objection against the holding of the announced Conservative gathering at the Aston Grounds. There was a repetition of the Hyde Park Riots, with this difference, that the Radical ringleaders had no excuse for their violence, inasmuch as the Constitutionalists had simply resolved to hold a ticket meeting in the grounds of Aston. Nevertheless, the walls were scaled, the meetings broken up, and Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Randolph Churchill driven to deliver their addresses at an adjacent hotel. By nobody is this deplorable *émouvante* regretted more keenly, perhaps, than by the Radical leaders proper of Birmingham.

Franchise speeches have also been made by Mr. Forster at Bradford, Mr. Fawcett and Mr. J. Holms at Hackney, and by Sir Charles Dilke at Oldham. One and all have advanced strong reasons why the Lords should come to a speedy agreement with the Commons on the point at issue.

The end of the Recess is, fortunately, near. Parliament is to reassemble next Thursday, when the Address in reply to her Majesty's Speech is to be moved in the House of Lords by Lord Belper and seconded by Lord Lawrence. A like function will be performed in the Commons by Mr. E. Stafford Howard and Mr. William Summers.

AUSTRIAN FRONTIER SMUGGLERS.

The immense land frontiers of the Austro-Hungarian dominions, bordering on many different foreign countries—to the west and north on Bavaria, Switzerland, Saxony, and Prussian Silesia, on Poland and Russia, to the south-west on Italy, and to the south-east on Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania—extend round a circuit of 4300 miles. The southern and eastern boundaries, more especially those of the Slavonic provinces, the Banate, and Transylvania, partly mountainous and partly traversed by rivers flowing into the Danube through territories scantily inhabited by a rude mixed population, are difficult to guard, even in peaceful times, from the irregular practices of lawless free-traders, or smugglers of contraband wares. Dalmatia and Istria, with the seaports of the Adriatic, are under separate Customs' jurisdiction, affording temptation to unlicensed trade with that part of the interior, which has not yet been suppressed by the recent annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina within seven years past. Our Artist, Mr. Schönberg, himself an Austrian, contributes a few sketches illustrating the life of mountain and river smugglers in the Slavonic provinces, the wild scenery of their frequent haunts and perilous routes, avoiding the high roads, and their occasional encounters with the armed patrol of the Customs' Guard service, one of whose station-houses, on the banks of the Save, is also depicted among these illustrations. A band of four or five bold and hardy law-breakers is seen emerging from a sequestered water-mill, laden with packs containing merchandise which has paid no duty to his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph; eluding, in the darkness of night, the patient vigilance of sentinels lurking in the adjacent fir-woods; creeping along the rocky path which overhangs a precipice, where the deep ravine is crossed by a single plank; surprised and intercepted, some running away to a friendly house, where they hide the smuggled goods beneath a trap-door in the floor; one culprit taken prisoner, and marched, with bound hands, on the high road, in front of a soldier, who will shoot him if he tries to escape; and two boatmen on the river, with a full cargo, stealthily punting along the shore under the tall growth of reeds and sedge, while a storm of thunder and lightning favours their safety from pursuit. It is a wild kind of life, which often trains men for deeds of a more criminal nature.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

B.G.I. (Finsbury).—We are always glad to hear from you. Your last is very acceptable.

D.W.L.R. (Slidcup).—Thanks. If found correct, it shall have a diagram as soon as possible.

ISOMNIA.—The Bishop was placed for the purpose of preventing a solution by way of 1. Kt to R 5th. Neither Mr. Blackburne nor ourselves are, therefore, responsible for the acute mania you describe.

F.M. (Yeovil).—Look again at the problem with the following:—1. Kt to Q 6th (ch), K to B 5th (best); 2. R to K B 2nd (ch); and 3. Q to Kt 3rd, mate.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2104 received from F.A. Broughton (Honolulu): of Nos. 2111 and 2112 from F.E. Gibbins (Tidals) and C. Belton (Tidals); of No. 2113 from B.H.O. (Salisbury), and J. Phillips (Helsburgh); of No. 2114 from John D. Hey, Emile Frau, A.W. Cooper, G.B.N. (H.M.S. Asia), and John Hodgson; of the *Palnace* Problem from J.R. (Edinburgh), T. Sinclair, Hereford, George J. Veale, Plevna; of Herr Fonda's Problem from Emmo (Darlington), J.R. (Edinburgh), R. Robinson, L. Wynan, S. Bullen, A.C. Huskisson, Hereford, Kitten, R. Gray, R.H. Brooks, G.L. Mayne, George J. Veale, Plevna, A.W. Scrutton, and Judy.

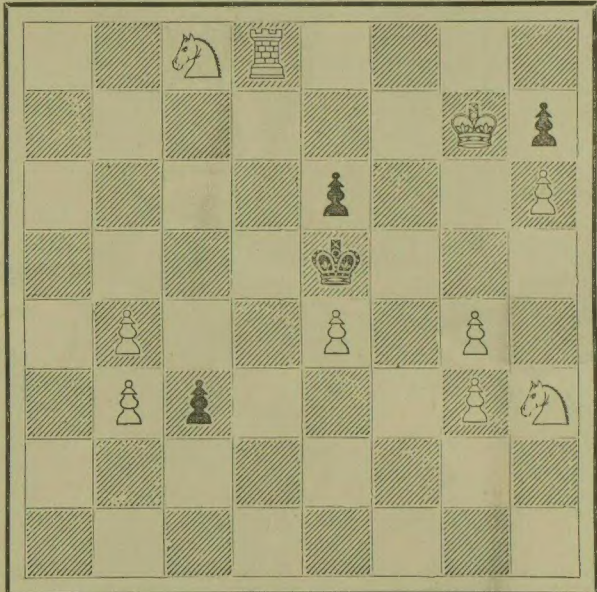
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2115 received from L. Sharwood, Ernest Sharswood, Nerina, J.R. (Edinburgh), T. Greenbank, An Old Hand, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), C. Darraghi, Ben. Nevis, Otto. Fulder (Ghent), D.W. Keil, J.T.W. Julia Short, H.H. Noyes, E.H.H. Hereford, W. Hillier, G.W. Wilson, F. Ferris, H.A.L.S. R.H. Brooks, C.B.N. (H.M.S. Asia), E. Casella (Paris), M.O. Halloran, O.S. Cox, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Jupiter Junior, H. Lucas, Emmo (Darlington), R. Robinson, L. Wynan, A.W. Scrutton, W.L. Wrenford, W. Biddle, T.G. Ware, H. Blacklock, G.S. O'Field, James Pickington, S. Farant, Isomnina, Plevna, Shadforth, R.L. Southwell, H. Reeves, A.M. Colborne, L.L. Greenaway, Aaron Harper, R. Gray, B.R. Wood, S. Lowndes, N.S. Harris, R.T. Kemp, G.W. Law, H. Wardell, E. Elsbury, R. Ingersoll, E. Louden, E.J. Posno (Haarlem), Venator, N.H. Mullen, R. Tweddiell, and B. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2113. The author's solution of this problem opens with 1. B to B 5th; but many of our correspondents have proved that it can be also solved by way of 1. Kt to R 4th. Both solutions are withheld to give the author an opportunity of correcting his error.

No. 2114. WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 5th. 2. Q to Kt 8th. 3. Q or R mates. BLACK. K takes Kt. Any move. * If Black play 1. K to B 4th, White continues with 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch); if 1. P takes Kt, then 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch); if 1. B to Q 6th, then 2. Kt takes P, mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2117. By W. BIDDLE. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played a few days ago at the Divan, between Mr. J. H. BLACKBURNE, yielding the odds of Queen's Rook, and the Champion of the Westminster School.

(Remove White's Q R from the board.) WHITE (Mr. B.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. P takes P. 3. Kt to Q B 3rd. 4. Kt to B 3rd. 5. B to B 4th. 6. Castles. 7. P to Q 4th. 8. Q takes B. BLACK (Mr. A.) 1. P to Q 4th. 2. Q takes P. 3. Q to Q sq. 4. B to Kt 5th. 5. P to K 3rd. 6. Kt to Q B 3rd. 7. B takes Kt. 8. Kt takes P. WHITE (Mr. B.) 9. Q takes Kt P. 10. Q to B 6th (ch). 11. B to K Kt 5th (ch). 12. Kt to K 4th. 13. Kt takes Kt. 14. Q takes B P (ch). 15. B takes P (ch). White mates in a few moves. BLACK (Mr. A.) 9. Kt takes P. 10. K to K 2nd. 11. Kt to B 3rd. 12. Kt to Q 5th. 13. P takes Kt. 14. Q takes Kt. 15. K to Q 2nd. 16. B takes R. White mates in a few moves.

A Danish Gambit from South Australia, quoted from the *Adelaide Observer*; played between two members of the local chess club, Messrs. CHARLICK and COOKE.

WHITE (Mr. Charllick). 1. P to K 4th. 2. P to Q 4th. 3. P to Q B 3rd. 4. B to Q B 4th. BLACK (Mr. Cooke). 1. P to K 4th. 2. P takes P. 3. P takes P. 4. P takes P. Theoretically, this is pronounced to be safe, but in practice we have found that it gives White a splendid attack. 5. Q B takes P. 6. Kt to Q 2nd. 7. P to K 5th. 8. Q to K 2nd. 9. B to Kt 3rd. 10. K Kt to B 3rd. 11. R to Q sq. 12. Castles. WHITE (Mr. Charllick). 13. R takes Kt. 14. Q takes B. 15. Kt to Q 4th. 16. P to B 3rd. 17. P to B 4th. 18. P to B 5th. 19. P to B 6th. 20. P takes P. 21. R to B 5th. 22. Q to Kt 5th (ch). Black resigned, because he must now lose his Queen or be checkmated.

A neat two-move problem from Dr. Gold's collection: White: K at Q Kt 4th, Q at Q 8th, R at Q 4th, Kt at K B 5th, Pawn at K Kt 2nd. (File pieces.) Black: K at K 4th; Pawns at K Kt 6th, K 3rd, and K 5th. (Four pieces.) White to play, and mate in two moves.

At the annual meeting of the Barnsley Chess Club, held on Tuesday, the 7th inst., Messrs. R. Bury, H. H. Taylor, E. Wright, and J. Haigh were elected President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary, respectively. From the report we learn that six matches were played by the club during the past season, of which number it scored five and lost on one.

The St. Nicholas Chess Club, Brighton, engaged in the first match of the season on the 4th inst., opposed by a representative team from Lewes. The result was in favour of Lewes by the odd game in a total of thirteen. A return-match between the same clubs will be played on the 25th inst.

The late Mr. George Bulloch, of Dunipace, has bequeathed more than £4000 to the funds of the Scotch Free Church.

Lady Randolph Churchill presented certificates on Wednesday at the Midland Institute to the Birmingham classes of the St. John Ambulance Association. Lord Randolph Churchill was present.

The memorial-stones of the new wing of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, were laid on Wednesday by the Lord Mayor. In the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Last month the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate and on board boats lying off that place 106 tons 9 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity 64 tons came by water, and 42 by land; 65 tons were "wet" fish, and 41 tons shell-fish. In the same period 12,700 tons of fish were delivered at Billingsgate, of which 8643 tons came by land and 4237 tons by water. Among the fish seized were anchovies, brill, coalfish, cod, crabs, eels, John Dorys, haddocks (21 tons), herrings (18 tons), lobsters, mackerel, mussels (18 tons), oysters, periwinkles, pilchards, plaice, prawns, salmon, shrimps, skate, smelts, soles, tench, turbot, whelks, and whiting (11 tons).

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Rochester will consecrate the new Church of St. Katharine, St. Helena-gardens, Rotherhithe, this afternoon.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will begin the visitation of all the churches in his diocese next Monday. His Grace will initiate his visitation at St. Paul's Cray, Kent.

The Archbishop of York held a levee of his clergy at Lendal, near York, on Monday. He has given £100 towards the erection of a new church at Cloughton, near Scarborough.

The Rev. F. Vaughan Mather, Rural Dean, Hon. Canon of Bristol, and Vicar of St. Paul's, Clifton, has been elected Proctor in Convocation for the Archdeaconry of Gloucester, in the room of the late Canon Fenn.

The Rev. Dr. Walters, Vicar of Llansamlet, Glamorgan-shire, has been elected proctor to represent the clergy in the diocese of St. David's, in the room of the late Rev. John Sinnett, Rector of Penboyr.

A harvest festival took place on Monday night in St. Paul's Cathedral. There was a very large congregation, in which the working-class element preponderated. The Rev. W. Richards, Vicar of Isleworth, preached.

The parishioners of Holy Trinity Church, St. Austell, Cornwall, have placed a fine four-light Munich stained-glass window (by Messrs. Mayer and Co.) to the memory of the late Rev. Fortescue Todd, Vicar from 1838 to 1881.

Monday being St. Edward's Day, a number of Roman Catholics assembled in Westminster Abbey and engaged in intercessions at the shrine of St. Edward for the conversion of England to Catholicism.

At the opening services of the new place of worship of the Wellington-street United Presbyterian Church in the west end of Glasgow, on Sunday, the collections amounted to £12,500. This is said to be the largest collection ever made in any church in Scotland.

Acting for the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Bedford consecrated last Saturday the church of St. Andrew, which has been erected for the use of a new parochial district taken from the mother parish of St. Mary, Stoke Newington. The sermon was preached by Bishop How. A luncheon was subsequently held, at which the Lord Mayor presided.

The corner-stone of the new Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Walthamstow, was laid last Saturday, in the presence of a numerous company, by the Hon. Mrs. Courtney Warner. The Bishop of St. Albans, notwithstanding his recent domestic bereavement, was present. The collection placed on the stone amounted to the large sum of £970.

The Church of St. James, Piccadilly, is to be reopened to-morrow (Sunday), after undergoing repairs, which will be paid for out of the moiety applicable to ecclesiastical purposes of £8000 paid by the North-Western Railway Company for the purchase of a portion of the disused burial-ground in Hampstead-road.

Bishop Titcomb visited Clarens, Switzerland, on the 2nd inst., and inspected the new English church in course of construction. The edifice is of Arvel marble cut out of the Alps at Villeneuve; and the style is pure Gothic, in the form of a cross, with massive square castellated tower at the angle. Subscriptions for the new church will be gratefully received by the secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, 9, Serjeants'-inn, Fleet-street, London; Rev. W. Ormsby, Chaplain, Clarens; or Major De St. Hubert d'Entragues, Churchwarden, Clarens.

Under the presidency of the Bishop, the Gloucester and Bristol Diocesan Conference commenced in Gloucester Cathedral yesterday week. A report was presented, showing that the new education code had, on the whole, worked satisfactorily. The attendance of children was better and more regular, and their attainments were higher. No complaint had been made of over-pressure, and it was urged that more should be done for the night schools. The Bishop introduced and commended the establishment of a provincial house of laymen, as proposed by the Upper House of Convocation, and a resolution was unanimously passed in general approval of the scheme. A committee was appointed to consider the better custody of parish registers and deeds and church plate.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has presented the Rev. Robert Palmer, Vicar of Queenborough, to the living of Bethersden, vacant by the cession of the Rev. A. F. Smith. The living of Lampeter-Velfrey has been conferred on the Rev. D. Pugh Evans, Vicar of St. Peter's, Carmarthen. The Rectory of Crowcombe, Somerset, has been presented by the patron, Sir Robert Bateson Harvey Bart., M.P., to the Rev. C. W. N. Custance, Vicar of Bishopswood. The Rev. A. R. Webster, M.A., Curate-in-charge of St. Martin's, Stamford, and private chaplain to the Marquis of Exeter, has been appointed to the living of Sinwell, Rutland, vacant through the death of the Rev. Charles Arnold, Honorary Canon of Peterborough. The Rev. Martyn R. Alnutt, Curate of St. Paul's, Upper Norwood, has been appointed to the living of Allhallows', Leeds.

A new steamer, the Allen Gardiner, built for the South American Missionary Society, has come round from the Clyde, having called at Liverpool, Bristol, and Portsmouth, and is now lying at the jetty of the Western London Dock, previous to her start for Tierra del Fuego, on or soon after the 20th inst.

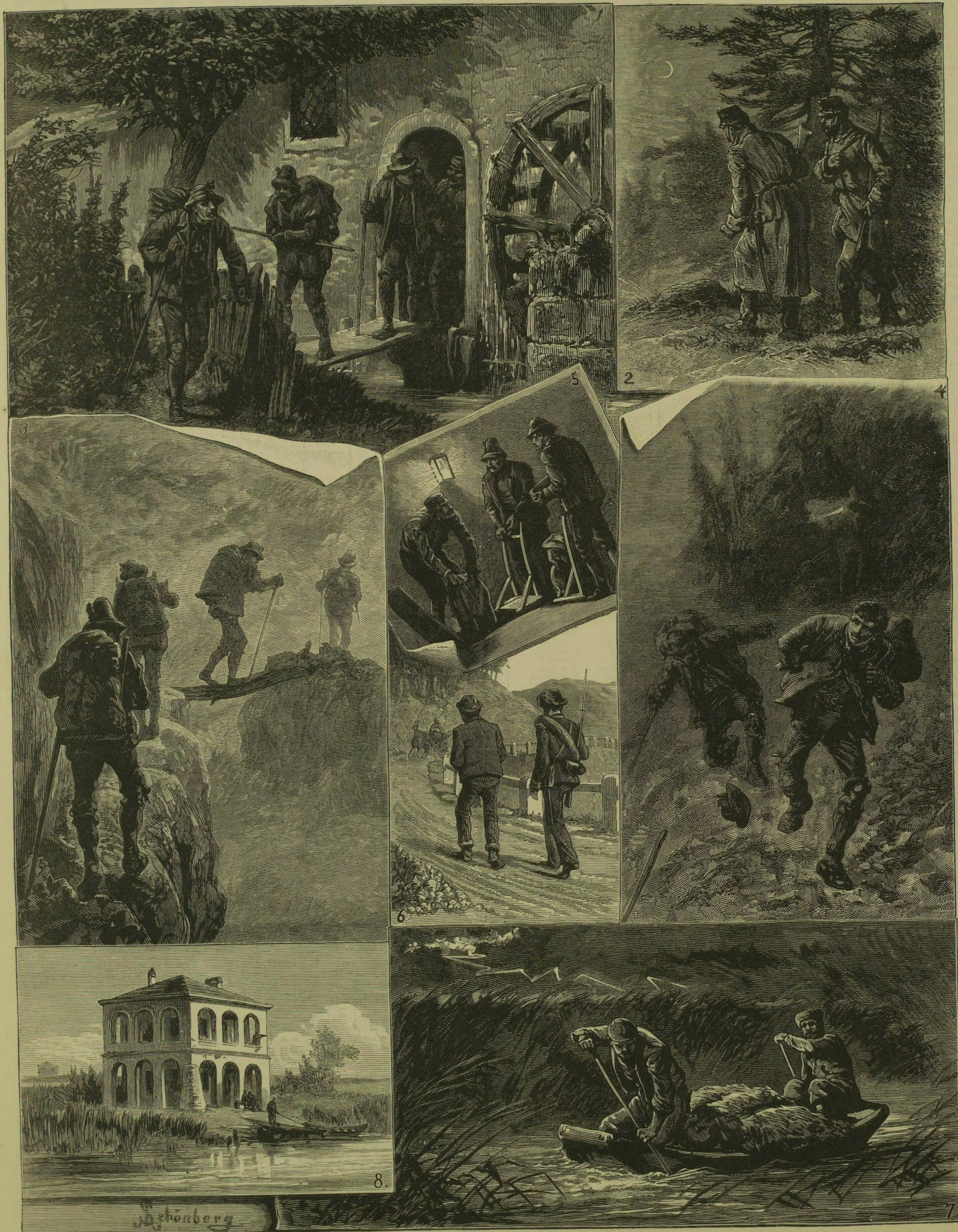
At a meeting of the congress of railway servants resolutions were carried demanding a uniform code of absolute blocks as necessary for the safe working of railways, and expressing regret that the efforts to shorten the hours of labour of railway servants had been attended with so slight success.

We are requested to announce that the Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings intend to distribute this autumn among the working classes and the poor inhabitants of London the surplus bedding-out plants in Battersea, Hyde, the Regent's, and Victoria Parks, the Royal Gardens, Kew, and the pleasure gardens, Hampton Court.

Mr. W. F. Thomas, the lessee and manager of the Promenade Concerts, Covent-Garden Theatre, has given the free use of the theatre, on Monday, the 27th inst., for the benefit of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum and Schools. He has undertaken to pay the artists engaged, the band, and other incidental expenses.

The Bishop of Lichfield yesterday week, in the Kensington Townhall, gave the address in connection with the opening of the session 1884-5 of the King's College lectures and classes for ladies. The Rev. Henry Wace, D.D., Principal of King's College, occupied the chair, a large number of the members of the classes and their friends being also present.

The Young Men's Christian Association, 186, Aldersgate-street, has long provided instruction for young business men in the City, the entries in the various classes last session numbering 2689. The new session commenced on Monday, when the Lord Mayor distributed prizes to forty-one successful competitors in the last examination. In these classes instruction is given in a wide range of subjects, including modern and classical languages, music, science, and the ordinary commercial branches.



1. Departure on a Smuggling Expedition.
2. Guards of the Customs' Service.

3. Smugglers on the mountain path.
4. Surprise!

5. Hiding away the smuggled goods.
6. Arrest of a smuggler.

7. River smugglers.
8. Guard-House on the Save.

SMUGGLERS' LIFE ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIERS.



"Alas, poor Yorick! he hath borne me on his back a thousand times."

THE CHILDHOOD OF HAMLET.

The unfortunate Prince of Denmark, whose character, though not altogether heroic, is extremely human, walks with his trusty friend Horatio in the churchyard where the two clowns are digging a grave for the fair Ophelia. He was thought to be mad, and to have been sent to England, where madmen have always been well taken care of; but his comments on the problems of life and death, as he looks at the skulls tossed up by the gravedigger's spade, are in a vein of moral wisdom and profound compassion which has no touch of insanity. He reflects, with the utmost seriousness, notwithstanding his grim play of humour, upon the end of mortal business, of worldly prosperity and pride, in the case of the politician, the courtier, or the lawyer, now "chapless, and knocked about the scone with a dirty shovel." It is a pathetic incident that he does

not yet know that the grave which they are making ready is for her whom he "once loved," and whose heart was broken by his strange behaviour. Having but just landed from his sea voyage, he is not aware of her death till the funeral enters the churchyard. He asks, indifferently enough, who is to be buried there; and the answer is only, "One that was a woman, but, rest her soul, she's dead." Hamlet asks no more about her, but his attention is presently called to a skull that has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years. He is told it is that of "a mad rogue," says the clown, "who poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once"; it was Yorick, the King's jester. And this familiar name, with the fond remembrances of his own boyhood, with all the fun, the kindness, the innocent joy that brightened his

earliest years in his father's house, softens the mind of Hamlet, oppressed as it is by the sense of a terrible work before him, and by the painful doubts and scruples that hinder its execution. "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times." The Artist has, in our Engraving, represented Yorick, attired as a Court jester would be, carrying the little Prince, and striving to please him by arts which those who love children willingly practise. Hamlet's infancy was not ungrateful; as he says himself, touching the jaw-bone which has fallen silent, "Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" Alas, poor Yorick!

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 14.

The Senate and the Chamber of Deputies met to-day for the winter Session. The Parisian masquerade is thus once more complete, and all the actors are at their posts, including the new Minister of Commerce, M. Maurice Rouvier, who has been appointed in place of M. Herisson. The first business of the Session in the Senate will be the discussion of the bill for the reform of the Senatorial elections, which ought to be discussed and voted rapidly, so that the elections of next January may be made under its direction. At the Chamber of Deputies—apart from interpellations on the Chinese war, on the Franco-German alliance, on the economical situation, &c.—the programme includes the Budget of 1885, and a number of bills relative to criminal trials, university reform, reduction of the hours of labour in manufactories, army reform, and the great question of the *scrutin de liste* will also be brought up again. M. Ferry has the good fortune to be able, if necessary, to call the attention of Parliament to a brilliant victory at Lang-Kep, in Tonquin, where General Négrier has been routing the Chinese.

A duel has now become the almost obligatory conclusion of every literary and political discussion. One journalist or politician fights with another, not because he hates him, or because he has been personally insulted by him, but because they differ in opinion or in party. Last Friday M. Rochefort and Commander Fournier fought with swords in the Bois de Verrières, near Paris; the former was wounded slightly in the neck, the latter slightly in the ribs. The seconds thereupon stopped the combat and the adversaries shook hands, M. Rochefort saying to Commander Fournier: "It is neither the man nor the naval officer that I attacked in your person but simply the functionary of M. Ferry." The distinction is curious. The duel took place in consequence of a smart and violent article of M. Rochefort on the affair of the falsification of the Tonquin treaty.

The question of gaming has been once more revived by the closing by order of the police of one of the best known and most frequented clubs in Paris, "Le Cercle des Arts Libéraux." This club, in spite of its title, was purely a gaming-house; but in this respect it did not differ from a score of other clubs in Paris. Many fortunes have changed hands around its green tables; it was a favourite club with the gamblers, and play was always lively and nearly always very high; still, it was a well-conducted club, and no serious scandal had occurred to provoke the exercise of the arbitrary power which the Prefect of Police has in dealing with clubs. Naturally, this incident has given rise to much discussion and comment. By closing the "Cercle des Arts Libéraux," it is argued, the Prefect of Police has contracted the duty of closing the other clubs which, under the colours of commerce, sport, art, science, or letters, are merely gambling hells living and flourishing on the *cagnotte*, that is to say, the percentage taken by the table on the banks. Furthermore, there is a general tendency, in the press at least, to advocate the acceptance of gaming as a fixed instinct of humanity, a social necessity; and some of the most influential writers are asking if it would not be more equitable and more moral for the State to regulate gaming, seeing that it cannot suppress it. Why should we not have cheap gaming? As it is, the *cagnotte* takes at least 10 per cent, without counting the thieving. If the State took gaming in hand it would suppress theft and take only 2 per cent. The whole matter is argued in detail, and the advocates of State interference demand for the public cheap, loyal, and cash gambling, and they do not see why the State should not draw a revenue from the gaming-table just as well as it does from its taxes on Stock Exchange operations, cards, alcohols, tobacco, and even more shameful instruments of vice.

General Lebrun has published a volume, entitled "De Bazeilles à Sedan," in which he sets forth in a new light the question of the responsibilities engaged in this grave event. The conclusion of the General is that the Empress was primarily to blame, and, secondarily, Marshal MacMahon, for obeying the orders of the Empress, when he knew that they were foolish and totally ruinous to his country. General Lebrun's book, though not written against Marshal MacMahon, implicitly shows the Marshal to have acted, from Châlons to Sedan, not as a soldier or a citizen, but only as a docile courtier.—A new dinner has been added to the already long list of Parisian artistic and literary gatherings: it is called the "Dîner des bas-bleus," and is composed, as its name indicates, of avowed blue-stockings, ladies who write for the newspapers, write novels or travels. The blue-stockings intend always to invite one man to the dinner to be the guest and lion of the evening. In these days of Anglo-phobia and Gallophobia, of M. Max O'Rell's pamphlets and the English replies, of the *Anti-Anglais* newspaper, and of the ravings of a "Brutal Saxon," it is curious to notice that in the Paris shops English products take the lead. The cutlery, the woollen and merinos, the perfumery, the neckties, the tailors' stuffs, the biscuits, the mustard, the pickles, and a thousand other things, are English. The young French swell wears London-made clothes, London hats, boots, linen, socks, and cravats. His perfumes come from Bond-street, his pocket-book from Vienna, his match-box from Russia. The only thing French in the dress of a modern French swell is the rose-bud that he wears in his button-hole.—Three statues were unveiled in the provinces on Sunday—one at Rouen, where the bicentenary of its townsman Corneille was celebrated; one at Valenciennes of its townsman Wattenu; and one at Bourg to the memory of Joubert, a General of the Revolution.

T. C.

A Central News telegram from Paris says:—An official telegram has been received announcing that the French forces have achieved a great victory. A battle was fought on the 11th inst. in the Valley of Lochman. The contest was severe, but the French troops, valiantly led by Colonel Donnier, completely routed the enemy. The Chinese army was annihilated, and its General killed.

The city of Catania, in Sicily, was on Tuesday, the 7th inst., visited by a cyclone, which killed more than twenty persons, injured nearly a hundred others, and did great damage to property. Another storm swept over the city last Saturday night, when thirty persons were killed. King Humbert has sent 10,000*fr.* in aid of the sufferers. Cardinal San Felice has sent the Archbishop of Catania a pastoral cross, given him by Leo XIII., to be converted into money to assist the sufferers. The Archbishop has himself given 10,000*fr.*, and the Prince of Val Savoia 1000*fr.*

The new university building at Vienna was inaugurated last Saturday by the Emperor, in presence of the Archdukes, the Minister of Public Instruction, the Archbishop of Vienna, the university authorities, and a large confluence of students and spectators. It is one of the new architectural monuments on the Ringstrasse, standing between the Townhall and the Votive Church.

The Emperor William has presented to the Berlin Royal Library 1052 manuscripts in the Arab tongue. The oldest date as far back as 1058.—Count Herbert Bismarck has

accepted the candidature to the Reichstag which has been offered him by the National Liberal electors of the Duchy of Lauenburg.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes, with their children, arrived at Athens on the 8th inst. The Ministers and civil and military authorities were present at the Piræus to welcome their Majesties, who met with a hearty reception on landing.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia and the members of the Imperial family left Peterhof on Monday, and took up their residence at Gatschina.

The International Prime Meridian Conference at Washington on Monday adopted a resolution in favour of Greenwich as the standard meridian. The representatives of France and Brazil did not vote, and the San Domingo delegate voted against the resolution. On Tuesday the Conference resolved that longitude be counted from Greenwich in two directions up to 180 deg., east longitude being designated "plus," and west longitude "minus."—Mr. Frank Hatton has been appointed Postmaster-General. He held the post of First Assistant Postmaster-General under Mr. Gresham.

Two dynamite explosions took place on Saturday afternoon in the new Parliament buildings at Quebec, injuring them severely. Two persons were slightly injured. The Government has increased the reward it offers for the discovery of the authors of the explosions, to four thousand dollars. The contractor offers an additional five hundred dollars.

We learn from Durban that the Transvaal Volksraad has adopted the proposal of the Executive Council to withdraw the proclamation placing Montsioa's territory under the protection of the Republic.

The annexation to Cape Colony of certain British possessions in the Transkei has been officially recorded in the *Gazette*.—Steps have been taken by her Majesty's Government for proclaiming the British Protectorate over all the southern coasts of New Guinea to the eastward to the 141st meridian of East-longitude.

The Agent-General for New South Wales has received a telegram stating that the condition of Mr. Stuart, the Premier, who was stricken last week with paralysis, has much improved.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty continues in the enjoyment of good health. Princess Christian took leave of the Queen and left the Castle on Thursday week. Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Churchill, accompanied her Royal Highness to Ballater. The Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps. Princess Beatrice walked out with her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitch of Russia dined with the Queen. Count Paul Schouvaloff, in attendance on the Grand Duke Michael, and Colonel Teesdale, in attendance on the Prince of Wales, were included in the Royal dinner party. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor of Wales took leave of the Queen yesterday week, before leaving Abergeldie. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out with the Duchess of Albany, and her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice drove out with Princess Irene and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Last Saturday morning the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Irene of Hesse, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out with Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Albany walked, attended by Miss Bauer. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning by the Rev. R. Herbert Story, D.D., of Roseneath, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and members of the Royal household. The Rev. R. Herbert Story and the Rev. A. Campbell had the honour of being included in the Queen's dinner party. On Monday morning the Queen went out, attended by Lady Churchill; and Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse walked with the Duchess of Albany. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Irene, drove out. Her Majesty walks and drives out nearly every day.

The Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday week left Abergeldie for London. In passing through Aberdeen the old colours of the 3rd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders were presented to the Princess. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by Miss Knollys and Captain Stephenson, left Marlborough House last Monday afternoon on a visit to Lord and Lady Hastings at Melton Constable, in order to be present at the Norwich Musical Festival. Prince Albert Victor, attended by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, left Marlborough House on Monday for Trinity College, Cambridge. Prince George has returned to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left Clarence House, St. James's, for Eastwell Park, last Saturday.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Colonel the Hon. George Patrick Hyde Villiers, Grenadier Guards, Military Attaché at Paris, second son of George, fourth Earl of Clarendon, and brother of the present Peer, with Louise, only daughter of Mr. George Disney Maquay, of Florence, was celebrated by special license in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on the afternoon of the 9th inst. The wedding, on account of mourning in the family of the bridegroom, was a very quiet one. Colonel the Hon. Charles Edgcumbe acted as best man; and there were four bridesmaids—Miss Ella Baird, Lady Maud Wilbraham (niece of the bridegroom), Miss Ernestine Fuller, and Miss Margaret Leavitt. The service was fully choral. Mr. Maquay gave his daughter away. Both bride and bridegroom received a great many presents on the occasion of their marriage. The Prince of Wales and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar were among the donors. Colonel Villiers also received a silver salver from his brother officers of the Grenadier Guards.

The marriage of the Earl of Caledon and Lady Elizabeth Graham Toler, second sister of the Earl of Norbury, took place on the 9th inst. in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Sir Simon Lockhart, Bart. (1st Life Guards), was best man. The six bridesmaids were the Ladies Mary and Charlotte Graham Toler, sisters of the bride, Lady Jane Alexander, sister, and Lady Gertrude Bouverie, cousin of the bridegroom, Lady Constance Milles, and Miss Holford. The Earl of Norbury gave his sister away. The bride-cake was supplied by Messrs. Buszard.

The marriage of Mr. Charles John Stewart, youngest son of the late Mr. John Vandeleur and Lady Helen Stewart, of Rockhill, in the county of Donegal, with Lady Mary Graham Toler, eldest sister of the Earl of Norbury, took place on Monday at St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens. Lord Stanhope attended Mr. Stewart as his best man; and the five bridesmaids were Lady Charlotte Graham Toler (sister of the bride), Miss Ruth Wood, Miss Mary Gordon Rebow, Miss Vandeleur, and Miss Violet Hamilton. The Earl of Norbury gave his sister away.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Oct. 15.

The expected advance in the Bank rate has been made. It is now 3 per cent, and depositors are receiving 2 per cent, and not the miserable 1 per cent to which they have of late had to submit. Moreover, the open market has kept up to the new standard. For this there is sufficient reason, and, indeed, there is almost room to fear that protective steps were too long delayed. Not since May of last year have the reserve and the bullion at the Bank been so low as now, and then an advance was made from 3 to 4 per cent to check the dwindling. It is hardly worth while to look back further; but it is probably many years since such proportions as now prevail have been allowed during the reign of a rate so low as 2 per cent. This aspect of the subject, however, obtains importance because there is an export demand for gold, as well as a steady reflux of currency to the agricultural districts, as the result of the better season.

The effect of this enhanced value of money is a check to the upward movement in securities of the highest class. The English funds are all lower, and such kindred securities as Indian and municipal issues have also gone back in many cases. Speculation has also been a little checked all over the market. This was made evident at the settlement which closes to-day. There is now no particular "account" open for or against any security. Even in Grand Trunk stocks the "bear" account is evidently much reduced. It would indeed be difficult, one would think, for a speculator to discover a single "lead." The market for Transatlantic railway securities is at the moment under the influence of the statement that an attempt is being made to shut the Baltimore and Ohio traffic out of New York. Grand Trunk of Canada stocks suffer with the American lines, owing to the importance of its American connections. Apart from this most recent incident, American business is generally looking better. Money is abundant, and is fast accumulating; only good business is being done by the banks, and the opinion prevails that the principal Stock Exchange securities have now got into strong hands.

The adjourned meeting of the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway proprietors in regard to the issue of debentures was even more stormy than was the first one. Some rough things were said of the present board, and the question which has given rise to this feeling was again left undecided.

The San Paulo Gas Company again pay 10 per cent per annum. The Eastern Extension Telegraph dividend for the past half-year is 7 per cent per annum, as compared with 6 last year. The Western Union Telegraph Company propose to reduce their dividend rate from 7 to 6 per cent.

Another fall has taken place in Colonial Bank shares. On Saturday the dealers would not give more than 40. Ten months ago the price was 73. The amount paid up is £30, and the liability is up to a further £70.

The conversion of the Turkish Debt is to be commenced in the principal capitals of Europe on the 20th of next month.

T. S.

AU PRINTEMPS, PARIS.

We give in the Illustration on the opposite page a view of the "Grands Magasins du Printemps de Paris." The Engraving itself shows the importance of these magasins. The façade (shown on another page) is familiar to all, and is classed among the curiosities of Paris. The dimensions of the central hall are of grandiose proportions, and the ceilings of the vestibule are enriched by the graceful designs of a remarkable mosaic, reckoned among the finest in France. From the centre of this vestibule branch three passages—one leading to the central hall; another to the left, called the Galerie de Provence; and one on the right, the Galerie Haussmann. In the Provence gallery are six hydraulic lifts communicating with the eight floors of the building. The whole of the galleries are remarkable for the profusion of light, which, as the Engraving shows, enters in a flood from the centre of the elegant dome. In the gallery of the right side are the trimming and mercery departments, with innumerable articles of novelty; further on are the flower and feather departments; but it is in the centre of the Hall where a better notion of the Magasins du Printemps can be obtained. It is the most complete type of architecture known in this second half of the nineteenth century. It is constructed entirely of iron; and the beautiful white stone, for which Paris is so remarkable, is visible from the façades. But a faint idea of its bold architecture can be given here. In the middle of the central hall will be seen an iron bridge, to which are attached umbrellas and parasols of all colours and forms; adjoining, is the glove department.

The first floor is reached by an elegant double staircase of considerable dimensions. Nearly the whole of the Galerie de Provence is occupied by the velvet and silk departments, where will be found the world-famed mark of silk, the "Marie-Blanche." The linen, lace, and trousseaux departments face the Haussmann Gallery; and their elegant nature renders them equally attractive to the notice of the buyer or visitor.

On the second floor are exhibited the carpets, curtains, and furnishing materials, which are highly appreciated by the visitors to the Health Exhibition, where are displayed some of the articles referred to. In the millinery and dress-making departments will be found all that is elegant and fashionable in robes, mantles, bonnets, &c.

The three upper floors are devoted to the purposes of the administration—in one of which is the forwarding department—whence thousands of parcels are forwarded to all the nations of the civilised world, and carriage free to all parts of England and its Colonies. The directors of the Printemps are general commission and export merchants, and ship any article that may be required by their correspondents. On another floor are to be found the kitchen and dining-room, devoted exclusively to the employés of the establishment, where are cooked and issued 3000 meals daily.

Not only is the Printemps attractive during the day, but it is one of the sights of Paris at night—a fairy scene—when hundreds of electric jets convert the basement into a palace of light; the machinery for which, and the hydraulic lifts, are worked by a steam-engine of 400-horse power, the plans of which are to be seen at the Health Exhibition.

In a word, this establishment is one of the most attractive of the French capital, and deservedly frequented and patronised by the English, who are ever anxious to procure the latest fashions from Paris and at the same time to economise their expenditure by a visit to the Grands Magasins du Printemps, Paris.

The *City Press* says that the Postmaster-General has given a contract for 150 millions of post-cards to a German firm, on the ground of excellence beyond those of competing firms.

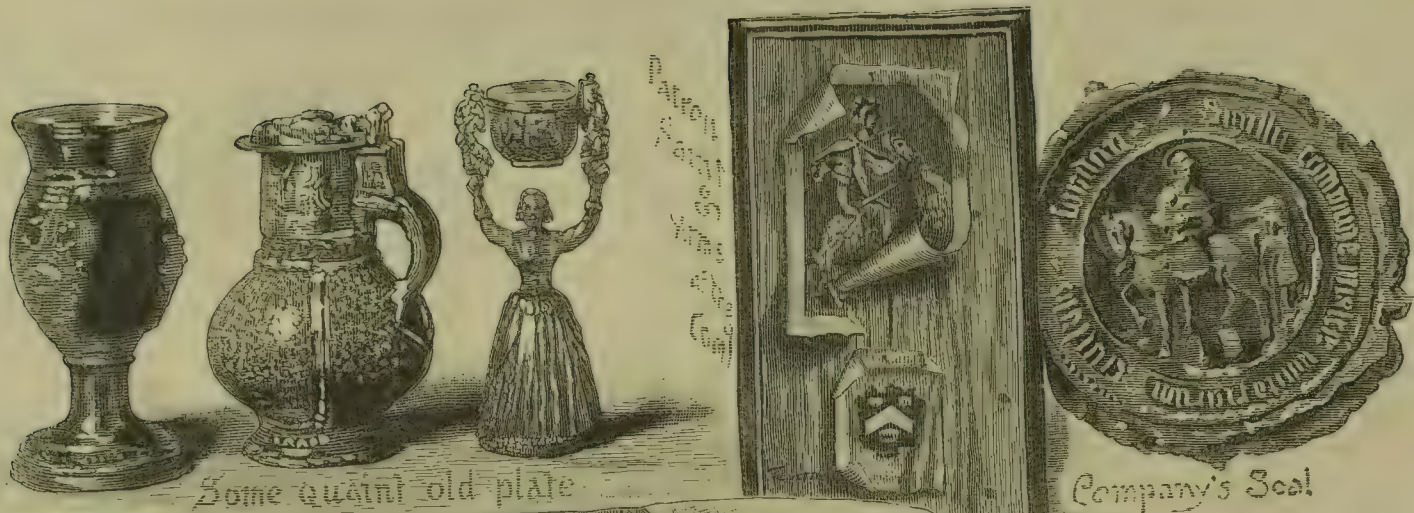
In London last week 2282 births and 1344 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 401, and the deaths 184, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 9 deaths from smallpox, 9 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 11 from whooping-cough, 26 from enteric fever, and 11 from dysentery.

GRANDS MAGASINS DE NOUVEAUTÉS.



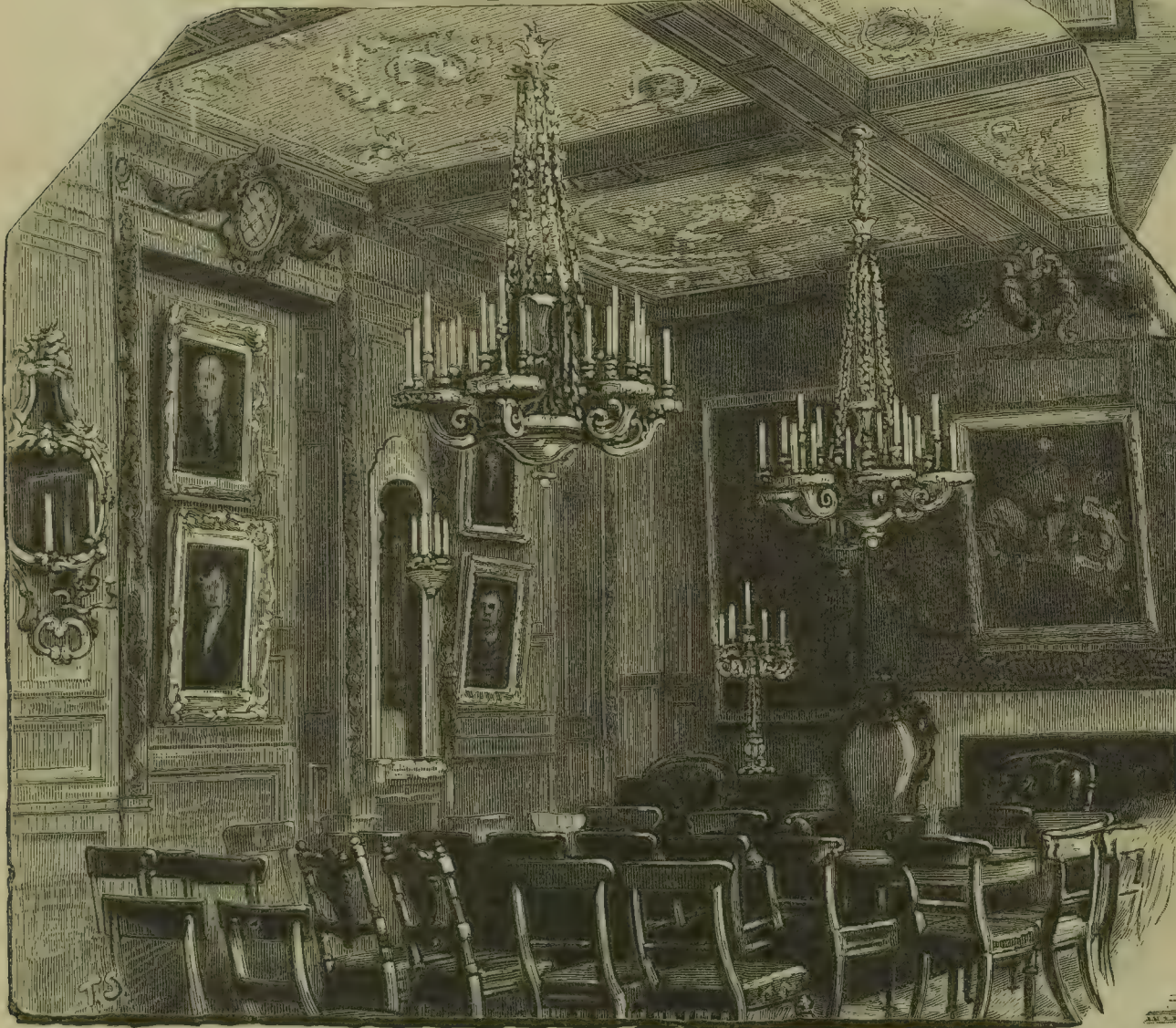
AU PRINTEMPS.

JULES JALUZOT and CO, BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN, PARIS.



Some quaint old plate

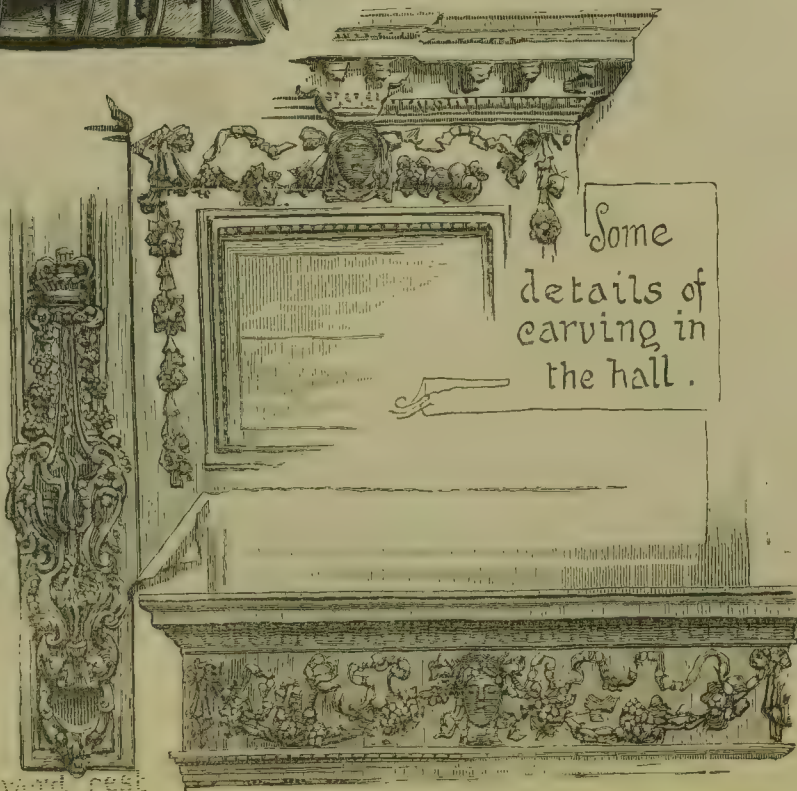
Company's Seal



The Court Room



Corner of hall, with music gallery



Some details of carving in the hall.



THE LATE HON. GILBERT H. CHANDOS LEIGH, M.P.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL GREGORY, 44TH REGIMENT.

THE LATE COLONEL GREGORY.

Another of the few remaining Crimean officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Gregory, passed away on the 7th ult. Colonel Gregory joined the 44th (Essex) Regiment in 1848, when he was only seventeen years of age, and remained in it during the whole of his service. He went through the Crimean campaign—receiving the Crimean medal and three clasps, for Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, the fifth class of the order of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. This gallant officer also served through the Chinese campaign of 1860, for which he received the China medal and the clasp for the Taku Forts. Colonel Gregory's sudden removal will be lamented by a large circle of personal and professional friends.

THE LATE HON. GILBERT LEIGH, M.P.

The lamented death of this gentleman, killed by falling over a precipice in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming Territory, in the western region of North America, was lately mentioned in our pages. His remains, brought to England for interment, are now daily expected. The Hon. Gilbert Henry Chandos Leigh was the eldest son of Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, his mother being Lady Caroline Amelia, fifth daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster. He was born on Sept. 1, 1851, and was educated at Harrow School, and at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1875, and that of M.A. in 1878. At the General Election of 1880 he was elected M.P. for South Warwickshire and he voted with the Liberal Party. He was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the same county, and a Captain of the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Mr. Leigh was unmarried. His brother, the Hon. Francis Dudley Leigh, has become heir apparent to the peerage and estates. The family, originally of Cheshire, is of great antiquity, but this branch derived its fortunes from Sir Thomas Leigh, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1558. The barony was created in 1839, and was conferred on Mr. Chandos Leigh, father of the present Lord Leigh, who succeeded to the title thirty-four years ago.

LONDON CITY GUILDS.

VII.: VINTNERS' COMPANY.

The second and third volumes of the Report of the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry concerning the estates and administration of the Guilds and Livery Companies of the City of London are published this week. They contain the detailed returns made by the Companies in reply to the circular of the Commissioners, and some correspondence upon the subject. The recommendations of the Commissioners for the reform of those ancient and richly endowed Corporations were printed at Midsummer, and we then gave some account of them. It is proposed that a Commission shall be appointed, for five years, to superintend the reorganisation of the Companies, and the redistribution of a large part of their corporate income, but the Companies would be allowed three years to form schemes of their own for the attainment of these objects. The Commissioners regard the sums at present spent by the Companies on entertainments, maintenance, and the relief of poor members as excessive. The revenues should be devoted to scholastic and scientific objects, such as education and scientific research; to general public purposes, such as hospitals, libraries, picture galleries, museums, baths, parks, and open spaces; and to the improvement of workmen's dwellings and subsidies to the benefit societies of the trades the Companies represent. The expenditure should be chiefly metropolitan, but where a trade has moved out of London, objects connected with it in its new hall at might be included.

We have already described several of the twelve Great Companies—namely, the Goldsmiths, Fishmongers, Merchant Taylors, Drapers, Clothworkers, and Salters; the one to be here spoken of is the Vintners' Company. The trade of vintners is that of wine merchants, importers of foreign wine, and seems to have first become commercially important in the twelfth century, with Bordeaux or claret wine from the south-west of France, then called Gascony. The merchants importing wine bore in official Latin the name of "vinetarii"; but their fraternity was called in English "the Merchant Wine Tunnors of Gascony," and this is as likely as the other title to have been shortened into "vintners." The retailers of wine, the "tabernarii," were a subordinate class; for the

Vintners' Company had jurisdiction over its sale by the quart in taverns, to which was added the sale of beer, cooked meat, and sugar. They inspected the liquors sold by the taverners, and punished rather severely those guilty of adulteration. There was a rich wine called muscadell; there was malmsey; there was Rhenish, and Dale, a sort of Rhenish; there was "stun," a strong new wine; there was Gascony wine aforesaid; there was Canary, or sweet sack, and "Sherris sack," which was not sweet, sack being a term applied to all the white wines, except Rhenish. "You rogue," says Falstaff, "there's lime in this sack, too." The historian, Stow, relates how, "in the sixth year of Henry VI., the Lombards corrupting their sweet wines, when knowledge thereof came to John Ranwell, Mayor of London, he in divers places of the City commanded the heads of the butts, and other vessels, in the open streets, to be broken, to the number of fifty; so that the liquor, running forth, passed through the City, in the sight of all people, like a stream of rain-water; from which arose a most louthsome savour." All wines coming to the port of London were to be landed at a place above London Bridge still known as the Vintry, "so that the King's

THE LATE COLONEL BARNES, R.H.A.,
COMMANDING ROYAL ARTILLERY IN EGYPT.

bottlers and guagers may there take custom." The Vintners' Company was first incorporated by a charter of Henry VI., in 1427, the year when the adulterated sweet wines of the Lombards gave such offence to the palates and noses of the Londoners. A common seal was granted to the Company ten years later. The charter was repeatedly confirmed, renewed, and enlarged by Henry VII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and James I., and underwent some temporary modifications at a later date.

The Company is governed by a Master, elected yearly in June, three Wardens, and a Court of Assistants, fifteen in number. The Hall, in Upper Thames-street, was erected in 1671, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren's, but is of no great architectural beauty. Our illustrations show the interior of the court-room, and some of the decorations, furniture, and curious old plate, with a portrait of the last Master. The income of this Company is returned at £11,000; the expenditure includes £2600 for charity, £400 for subscriptions to aid hospitals, schools, and benevolent institutions, £3000 for entertainments and Hall expenses, £689 for restoration and decoration of Hall, £1103 fees to themselves for attending

courts and committees, £238 for the "swan royalty," £260 for Lord Mayor's Day procession expenses, and £1725 office and management expenses. The charity trust income, of which we do not know the precise amount, is applied to maintain the almshouses in Mile-end-road for thirteen aged pensioners, and there are certain annuities and gifts to the poor.

THE LATE COLONEL C. H. BARNES, R.H.A.

The death, at Cairo, of Colonel Christopher Hewetson Barnes, of the Royal Horse Artillery, has occasioned general regret. He was connected by family relations with the counties of Essex and Suffolk, and resided some time at Ipswich, where he was well known and esteemed. His earliest military service was in the Bengal Artillery, having won a cadetship offered as a prize to the successful candidate in a competitive examination at Kensington Grammar School. In the outbreak of cholera among the garrison of Meer Meer, Lahore, in 1856, Lieutenant Barnes distinguished himself by his constant and sympathetic attendance on the sick. In the war of the Indian Mutiny, in 1857 and 1858, he commanded two guns manned by volunteer officers and sergeants, in several actions, and was shot through the breast at the siege of Neemuch. He received the thanks of the Indian Government, and the Oude medal, for these gallant services; after which he was transferred to the Queen's Army, and became Captain in 1861 and Major in 1872. At a later period, Colonel Barnes was in command of a battery of Royal Horse Artillery at the Curragh, in Ireland. He afterwards joined the army of occupation in Egypt, and held command of the Royal Artillery in that country at the time of his fatal illness. He has left a widow and two sons in England.

MODERATION.

Moderation is perhaps one of the least commended of virtues, but it is certainly one of the most commendable. In politics, in literature, in art, in social and domestic life, exaggeration and excess produce unnumbered evils. It is the moderate man alone who can look at things in what Bacon calls a dry light. He only is no victim to illusions, he can keep free from prejudice because he has an unclouded eye for truth. We are not going to talk politics. In these party days, when men on both sides are in danger of yielding to the falsehood of extremes, it is well, if it be possible, to stand aloof, not loving England less than the most fiery of partisans, but haply loving peace more. So the wrathful politics of the time shall be left alone, with the obvious remark that moderation is not one of the features with which they can be credited. In literature the curious observer will note a similar tendency to exaggeration. "After a certain period," said Warton, "in every country and in every language, men grow weary of the natural and search after the singular." At that point we seem to have arrived. Too often novelists strain after effect, and forget grammar and sometimes morality in doing so. They want to startle rather than to teach, and the more unnatural the situations they can invent the better. This vice is indeed most rampant on the other side of the Channel, but there are plentiful traces of it here also, especially in the case of third-rate writers, whose one object, not otherwise to be attained, is to attract attention. In much of the verse of the day the same want of moderation is obvious: young poetasters, and old ones too, grow desperate in the attempt to say something original, and so we have an apostrophe to a beautiful star with a crimson mouth, and to a moon with brows of gold, and a poet who sings "the Equalities and Finale of things," exclaiming that he goes screaming with wings slowly flapping. The spasmodic poetry that shrieks, and the erotic poetry that sins against what Swift called sweetness and light, both indicate a taste for the extravagant and perverse. Truly says a poet, who is himself not wholly guiltless, that nought

In a song can be good if the turn of the verse is
Far-fetched and dear-bought.

In Art is it possible to doubt that there is much at once dear-bought and far-fetched? Artists destitute of imagination labour to be grotesque, and it must be admitted that they succeed. Their manipulation and daring excite wonder. We lift up our hands in astonishment, and this is the admiration which they crave. Moderation in the family and in society is too often conspicuous by its absence. Plain living and high thinking are poetical blessings seldom to be met with

in real life. Men live so comfortably and expensively at their clubs that they hesitate to marry; and that the hesitation is not unreasonable in high life may be ascertained by applying to Mr. Worth; while in a lower class of society the accounts sent in at Christmas by West-End dressmakers will tell a similar tale. And the money cost of dresses is not all. The style shows too often that the first object is display, as the last thought is moderation in expenditure.

We live in a fast age, and everybody runs at his top speed. The race begins in our school days, when an amount of pressure is put upon young brains which would be felt inconveniently by some old ones. Then follows competition in all its branches, and a cramming system which, in many cases, leaves its victims immoderately stupid. On the other hand, there are great prizes to be won by clever young men, in India, in the Colonies, and at home; and it would be absurd to suppose that the fierce struggle for them is compatible with moderation. As well might you expect two men in mortal combat to refrain from giving each other hard blows. At a later age, the haste to be rich keeps life at a high pressure. The old motto, "Rest and be thankful," is one that has no meaning nowadays. Men take their pleasures in a hurry; their only leisure for meditation is in express-trains.

For good or for evil, the tendency of the time is to extremes. We proclaim our religion with drums and trumpets, and Atheism lifts up its head in public places. Drunkenness on one side leads to the denunciation of a glass of wine upon the other. The City feast kindles the ire of the Vegetarian; the High Church of England Ritualist drives one man to Rome and another to Dissent; we despise a Via Media; if we do not sail to the Arctic zone, we must fly as fast as steam can carry us to the Torrid. "Our age," said Niebuhr, "knows nothing but reactions, and leaps from one extreme to another."


There is another aspect of the subject that may be mentioned in concluding this brief comment. The moderate man, it has been well said, makes others so, and in the long run the most zealous of enthusiasts acknowledge and respect his power. For consider what is implied in the term Moderation. It does not mean indifference or Pyrrhonism or contempt, it is not cynicism, it is not heartlessness. It implies sobriety of judgment, calmness to weigh argument, and, in another sense, it includes the high social qualities which are the salt of society. Truly says old Thomas Fuller: "Moderation is the silken string which runs through the pearl-chain of all virtues."

Professor Leone Levi gave the introductory lecture at King's College, Strand, on the 9th inst., on the opening of the winter session, his subject being "The present state and prospects of trade."

Professor Jowett, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, has been elected Vice-Chancellor of the University for a third term.—The new Indian Institute was opened by the Vice-Chancellor on Tuesday, after an address delivered by the Boden Professor of Sanskrit, Mr. Monier Williams, on the following subject:—"How can the University of Oxford best fulfil its duty towards India?"—The Pusey Memorial House was opened on the 9th inst. by the Bishop of the diocese. The proceedings commenced with breakfast at Keble College, after which the chapel of the house was dedicated and the librarians admitted to office.—Mr. Edward Charles Everard Owen, B.A., Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford, has been elected to the vacant fellowship at New College. Mr. Owen took a first in classical mods in 1880 and a first in classical greats in 1883.

OBITUARY.

SIR C. J. FREAKE, BART.



Sir Charles James Freaque, Bart., of Cromwell House, Kensington; Fulwell Park, Middlesex; and Bank Grove, Surrey, died on the 6th inst., in his seventy-first year. He was eldest son of Mr. Charles Freaque, and was married, April 4, 1844, to Eliza Pudsey, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Wright, one of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and sister of Brigadier-General Sir Thomas Wright, C.B., by whom he leaves one surviving child, now Sir Thomas George Freaque, second Baronet, born Aug. 12, 1848, who married, April 21, 1868, Frederica Charlotte Mary, second daughter of Colonel Frederick Maitland, of Holywell, Kent, and has issue. The title was conferred on the late Baronet on May 23, 1882.

THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS DE VESCI.
Emma, Dowager Viscountess de Vesci, whose death is announced, was widow of Thomas, third Viscount de Vesci, and youngest daughter of George Augustus, eleventh Earl of Pembroke, by Catherine, his second wife, daughter of Count Woronzow, of Russia. Her Ladyship was born Aug. 23, 1819, and was married Sept. 19, 1839. She leaves issue, John Robert William, present Viscount de Vesci; one other son, Eustace, Captain 9th Lancers; and three daughters, the eldest, Marchioness of Bath.

We have also to record the deaths of—
The Hon. Beatrice, wife of Colonel Hollinshead Blundell, formerly Maid of Honour to the Queen, youngest daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Henry Dilkes Byng, on the 3rd inst.

The Rev. Charles Arnold, Hon. Canon of Peterborough, and for forty-six years Rector of Tinwell, on the 2nd inst., at his Rectory House, aged eighty-two.

The Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury and Talbot, on the 13th inst., at Ashridge Park, Earl Brownlow's seat, near Great Berkhamstead. She was the eldest daughter of Henry, second Marquis of Waterford, and was born in 1807.

Colonel Stanley, uncle of the Earl of Derby, at his residence, Halcot, near Grange-over-Sands, on the 13th inst., aged seventy-six. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, but had for many years lived a retired life.

The Rev. William Spencer Edwards, of considerable note in the Congregational Body, formerly Minister at Arundel-square, City-road, and Lewes Congregational Churches, the author of works of travel and popular theology, on the 4th inst.

Mr. Augustus Craven, formerly in the Army, and subsequently in the Diplomatic Service, on the 4th inst. He was Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart from 1843 to 1851, and for some months in 1846 Private Secretary to the Marquis of Normanby, Ambassador at Paris.

The Rev. William Thursby, M.A., of Ormerod House, Burnley, Lancashire, J.P., on the 10th inst., aged eighty-nine. He married, in 1824, Eleanor Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel John Hargreaves, by Charlotte Anne, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. Lawrence Ormerod, of Ormerod.

The Venerable Edmond Dalrymple Hesketh Knox, late Archdeacon of Killaloe, on the 6th inst., aged eighty-three. He was elder son of the Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox, Bishop of Limerick (seventh son of the first Viscount Northland), by Anna Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart.

HOME NEWS.

Sir William Harcourt distributed the prizes on Tuesday to the successful students of the Derby School of Art.

The Royal Alfred wing of the Croydon Hospital was opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Wednesday.

The Portsmouth Town Council have invited the Social Science Congress to hold its next annual session at Portsmouth.

Mr. George D. Fottrell, jun., formerly solicitor to the Land Commission, has been appointed Clerk of the Crown for Dublin.

Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has taken up his official duties at Dublin Castle.

Last week the foundation-stone of the new Boatmen's Rooms at Deal was laid by Countess Sydney.

Messrs. Longmans published on Wednesday Mr. Froude's "Life of Thomas Carlyle," in two volumes of about 500 pages each.

The county magistrates for Berks have unanimously elected Mr. G. C. Cherry, of Denford House, Hungerford, as chairman of the court, vice Mr. R. Benyon, resigned.

At a special meeting of the Council of the Hospital Sunday Fund, held yesterday week at the Mansion House, it was resolved to distribute further sums to institutions that have already participated in the collection.

Early on Saturday last the Dublin steamer Europa foundered in the Clyde, after collision with the inward-bound steamer Roseville, and the captain, engineer, and three of the crew were drowned. The Roseville had to be run ashore.

The arrivals of live stock at the port of Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 2682 cattle, 1506 sheep, 6677 quarters of beef, and 620 carcasses of mutton.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.'s first issue of *Harpers' Magazine* Christmas Number will be 70,000 copies. It will contain articles by William Black, Hugh Conway, Phil Robinson, Charles Dudley Warner, and W. D. Howells.

Mr. James Spicer, on his retirement from the offices of chairman and treasurer of the Colonial Missionary Society, has been presented with his portrait, which has been painted by subscription, and is to be hung in the Congregational Memorial Hall.

Last Saturday evening the Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh was formally closed. From the opening of the exhibition on July 1 to the close there were 500,000 visitors admitted.—The Loan Exhibition of National Portraits also closed on Saturday last.

The Fordie and Locholly estate, in the parish of Caputh, Perthshire, was sold on the 8th inst. in Edinburgh for £13,500. The estate extends over 456 acres, 368 of which are arable; and the free rental, exclusive of woods and shootings, is £430 per annum. It is situated about eleven miles from Perth.

Lady Hope Grant has presented to the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh the gold jug or ewer which was given to her husband by the officers of the British army in China in 1860. It was purchased by them out of the "loot" of the Summer Palace at Peking. It is of solid gold, twelve inches and a half high. The bullion value is estimated at £300.

On the invitation of Sir William M'Arthur, M.P., chairman of the South African Committee, a large and influential company of gentlemen held a conference on the 9th inst., at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on the South African crisis. The speakers, who included Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., urged that prompt measures should be taken by the Government to vindicate the authority of the Crown.

AIX-LES-BAINS.—Cercle d'Aix-les-Bains. Superb theatre. Concert, ball, card, and billiard saloons. Military bands, fetes, Italian, and French Opera-Comique. Symphony concerts, conducted by E. Colonne.

BRUSSELS.—Hôtel de l'Univers. Agreeable central situation. First-class house, spacious and airy, with exit to New Boulevard. Every comfort, excellent cookery; superior wines; moderate prices.—Schoeffel-Wiertz, Proprietor.

OSTEND.—Grand Hôtel Continental. First-class hotel, one of the largest in Belgium. Facing sea-bathing station, next the Kursaal. English spoken. Table d'hôte, restaurant, billiards, Cercle d'Ostende (Club).

NAPLES.—Hôtel Métropole (Cook's special house). Pension from 8*fr.*, with wine. Restaurant, café, English bar. Grand establishment of baths, Hammam and others, sea and fresh water. Omnibus; tram passes door.

PEGLI.—Grand Hôtel Pegli (formerly De la Méditerranée). Facing the sea, South aspect, surrounded by gardens and mountains. Climate unsurpassed. Sanitary arrangements; satisfactory charges. BOUCHER-DUBAS, Proprietor.

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MILITARY BANDS.

Concerts will be given in the Royal Albert Hall twice a week, at Seven p.m.
Organ Recitals daily in the Albert Hall. Special Evening Fêtes Every Evening.

The Gardens and Buildings are in the Evening Illuminated with Variegated Lamps, Japanese Lanterns, and Electric Light.

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For further details see London daily papers.

Season Tickets, price 1*l.* 1*s.*, may be obtained on application to the City Offices, 27, Great Winchester-street, London-wall; at the Exhibition, Railway Bookstalls, and the Libraries.

RESPECTABLE Young Women WANTED as DOMESTIC SERVANTS, to proceed to NEW SOUTH WALES. Passages, including Provisions, Bedding, &c., will be granted by the Agent-General. In first-class steamers to approved applicants, upon payment of £2 each. An experienced Surgeon and Matron accompany each ship. The Colonial Government provides free accommodation for the Single Women during ten days after their arrival in Sydney. The next steamer will be dispatched about Oct. 25. Further information may be obtained at the EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT, New South Wales Government Offices, 5, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BLACK STEEPLE.



silent stranger raised his head for a moment from the table, but scarcely opened his eyes, and otherwise did not stir. Francis could not help starting, and instinctively raised his sword cane. Nance raised her finger to command silence: then put out the light, and threw the room into pitch darkness, since there was no fire.

The knock came again. "It's I, Davis," said a voice outside. "I've news you'll be pleased to hear."

"He's seen the light in the window, and knows I'm in," whispered she. "And I fear he's heard speaking, too. But she did not ask, 'What's to be done?'" She answered before asking: which is certainly the better way.

Now Davis, though in ways enough as stupid a fellow as Francis Carew had called him, had those compensating qualities which invariably render the stupid more than a match for the sharp, whether it be in getting learning, or getting money, or, in short, getting anything: or, above all things, in the art of running down crime. Cleverness is weakness: but stupidity is power. Stupidity never runs beyond its aim: never becomes bewildered by leaving the high road for short cuts and by-paths—notoriously the most abounding in blind alleys and quagmires: keeps to one plain idea, which may fail, instead of following two, or three, or fifty at once, which must fail. Stupidity means pluck, self-confidence, tenacity, blindness to defeat—in short, the great heroes of action are pretty safe to be stupid men developed from stupid boys. Stupidity succeeds, and the world calls it cleverness, talent, genius, or what not: but it is stupidity all the same—indeed to devote oneself body and soul to what is called success is of itself the most stupid of stupid things, and an unquestionable proof of arrant stupidity if no other were required. Mr. Davis was just a bull-dog with two legs instead of four: and what stupider or nobler biped can there be?

Having knocked twice, announced himself once, and received no answer, he considered within himself whether he had really seen the light in the kitchen, which certainly would not have been burning had not Nance Derrick been at home. And, being stupid, he was certain that he had seen it, because

his eyes had told him so. Moreover, his ears also told him that he had heard voices, though he had failed to distinguish them: and he began to reflect that he had perhaps been premature in announcing himself by name. They might indeed be only neighbours come to comfort the mourner: but even so, he had learned of late too much of his own unpopularity in the parish to imagine that he would be a welcome addition to the company. On the other hand, even if Nance Derrick's companions were but fellow-mourners, there might still be something to learn. For he was determined to see the whole hunt out: and, though no reasonable mind would suspect the presence of Derrick's murderers under the dead man's own house on the very day of his funeral, still that was all theory, for which stupidity has a thoroughly practical scorn. He knew that the Squire and the Poacher had escaped from Barnstaple. He had assured himself that very evening that neither was at Hornacombe. They must be somewhere, and somewhere might be anywhere: and then women, if they have ever cared for a man once, are such fools.

"Good-night, then," he called out loudly, "if it's too late to let me in;" and went off, whistling ostentatiously, and with as much noise as the soft sand would allow. The hearts within the cottage must once again have beat freely. But, having whistled himself beyond hearing, he returned as softly as the sand would allow: which was softly indeed.

The door looked landward, across the dunes and up the combe. He took up his position just at the corner of the cottage, so that he could see any regular exit, and retire out of sight at the same moment, if need were. This also, though without his intending it—that would have been altogether too complex an idea—gave him as good a side view of the lower reach of sands as the night allowed, which was becoming better and better as the rainy haze cleared off before moonrise. The favourite candle of Stoke-Juliot was already, more loyal to the almanac than she had been last night, showing a misty, wet rim above the ridge of the moor, and the sand soon began to be seen flying. It was a first-rate night for trade—a steady wind off shore, and a moon that gave just light enough by stars, and no more.

Nor had the keeper to wait long. No light reappeared in the cottage: but presently the door opened, and three figures emerged. The moonlight, such as it was, came straight upon them: and the keeper easily enough recognised the shapes, though not the features, of Nance Derrick and—sure enough!—Squire Carew. The instinct of the bloodhound had been right then, after all. But Nance? Well—she was a woman, and therefore an idiot: that was enough to settle any part she might be taking in this night's doings, whatever they were. The third figure puzzled his eyes a little: but not for a moment his mind. He had never seen before those awkwardly hanging clothes, but he knew the easy glide, more like a shadow's than a man's. Nance came out first: then the Squire: the other followed. Davis listened hard, drawing in his breath, and falling a step back into the shadow of the wall: but not a word was spoken. Nor was there aught else to observe beyond that, while Squire Carew stepped out firm and

erect, his follower hung his head, and looked about nervously from side to side.

Presently the three had become four. Keeping at a distance for prudence sake, but not too great to shorten easily if he pleased, Davis also followed, without any risk of his footsteps being heard on that yielding floor of sand and sea-weed. Presently they turned sharp round down a hollow in the dune: and straight in front up rose old Horneck's black steeple, turned into yet deeper blackness by the moon, while a long, broken line of white lay far beyond.

"I'm hanged if I can see their game!" thought the keeper. "I'd have laid forty to one they were making for Base Wood to hide in: and they're going straight to sea. One couldn't hide a pin on Hornacombe sands. Perhaps they're making for a cave—there are caves Oxhorn way, to be sure. Well, if that's your game, you'd as good be making for jail: and I'll make so bold to chalk up which cave it be. Talk of your Runners and Redbreasts! I wouldn't have lost this night's chance for a hundred pound."

The loose sand and its grey-green carpet had come to an end, and they were on the hard flat, dotted with luminous pools left by the tide. Davis expected them to turn to the right—that is to say, to the north, past Skullcross Bay and under the church towards Oxhorn. But, Nance still leading, he had to follow them, save for a slight southward slant, straight towards the sea.

They must thus have been moving near a quarter of a mile, so broad are Hornacombe sands, before—the flying moon having found a moment's clear place—the keeper plainly saw a number of figures moving along the nearest line of foam. There were horses: and there were men. There was no need to ask himself what they were doing here by the moonlight, or who they were: and a cleverer man would assuredly have turned tail. The bull-dog, however, felt in his breast for the fellow of the pistol he had lost last night, and slightly quickened his pace, less careful of keeping his footsteps silent than before. "I've got to the bottom of things at last," said he: "and if I don't see the bottom through now, I'm hanged." Not that hanged was the word he used: for he swore stoutly when he swore at all.

The moving figures, on a nearer approach, proved less numerous than they had appeared at a distance. There were three farmers' carts, with their teams: and there were some dozen men, mostly fishermen (so called, though not by the fish) or farm-hands, but including at least two persons of a more important grade—one the keeper recognised as the Blacksmith: the other, as Cornelius Hale, the young farmer who was betrothed to the Parson's Tamzin. There was no pretence at concealment, beyond the fact that they were working at night, a necessary precaution against having too many neighbours' fingers in their pie: they were talking freely, and even laughing, as well as heavy-hearted Stoke Juliot knew how.

Davis kept close enough behind his unconscious guides to look from a distance like one of their party: then slipped

(Continued on page 379.)

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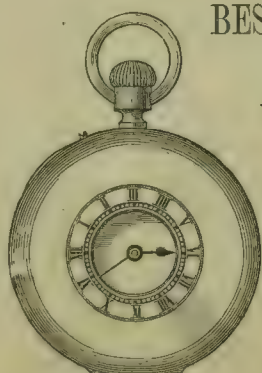
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MR. STREETER, RETIRING FROM BUSINESS,

18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

himself off, and got behind a full cart, whence, at least for a while, he could see and hear without being seen. Altogether, the company of importers were keeping an exceedingly poor look-out. "It's warmer work than this in Kent," thought he, with patriotic pride. He had no plan of action—only to hold on to his duty and his enemies with his teeth, whatever all the smugglers in Devon could say or do. As for his chance of a crack on the head—firstly, he never thought of that; and, secondly, if he had, he knew that his head was superlatively thick and hard.

I have said the group was working with good cheer. But as soon as the moon showed them Nance Derrick the talk ceased at once, and the laughter, such as it was, as well. As it had been in the churchyard, so was it here—something had come to her which repelled men, and made them afraid. At the sight of Francis, some touched their hats: but sullenly. He was a customer, no doubt: but then he was a gentleman, who was bound, on such occasions, to keep his eyes shut and walk another way.

It is not good to feel one's neighbours shrink from one. Nance could not fail to feel what had now glaringly happened to her twice in one day: but, instead of making her heart sink, it gratified her with a sense of growing power. Since love was to have no place in her life, her desire was to be feared, like the wise women before her. She had never taken part in such work before, save as a watcher for the twin light of the *Maiden*: but she came up to the group bravely, beckoning Francis to follow.

"The Squire's going aboard the *Maiden*," said she. "The next boat that puts out will take him: he'll give a guinea to every man here, and two to every oar."

"That's a rum start!" said the Blacksmith, after a general silence, during which he had looked round at everybody in turn. Davis, from behind his waggon, tried hard to reconcile filial affection with a girl's giving her aid to a man whom she could not possibly fail to suspect of having at least guilty knowledge of her father's murder, if not more. That she herself could be an accomplice was too monstrous a suspicion for any healthily stupid mind to entertain. He could only fall back upon the theory that the Squire had been her lover, and that she, being woman, was therefore a fool.

"Yes: it is a rum start, my lads," said Francis. "But a start it must be, rum or no. You know me, and I know you: and a man who wants to get out of the country this road, isn't likely to tell tales. I'll give what Nance Derrick says, and a trifle over, for a lift in your next boat for me and my friend."

"Is he going, too?" asked Nance, with a frown. "I thought—you were to leave all such friends behind." She was thinking of Quickset: and that Francis knew.

A drawing consultation in an undertone began between three or four of the men. The rest stood to receive a fishing-boat, sunk by its burden nearly to the gunwale, which laboured heavily into the shallows. Some waded out to unload: the Blacksmith hailed the boat through his hands for a trumpet, and was answered in the same way. Immediately afterwards another man waded from the boat and joined the group—

"What's wrong now?" asked he.

Francis was gradually discovering that a man might live years together in Stoke Juliot, on terms of boon companionship with its men and of flirtation with its women, and yet have everything to learn. This new-comer was altogether unknown to him. He—this new-comer—was a somewhat under-sized fellow, and therefore in signal contrast with the big fellows, Francis included, who stood round: he was almost a head shorter than the poacher, who was decidedly the shortest there. His rough fisherman's clothes announced him some sort of a sailor, but he had none of the ease of carriage proper to the calling: on the contrary, there was something almost military in the way he made the most of his insufficient inches, and in the upward tilt of his chin. He was of a curiously-dark complexion—dark, although without a vestige of colour, such as is found mostly in men whose work lies underground: his straight hair and short beard were dead black, as were also a pair of eyes, the like of which for glow and depth few Englishmen in those days had ever seen. His head was that of a much larger man, and his limbs of a smaller: his features were of an Oriental cast, and at any rate picturesque, if not handsome—a low forehead, splendidly curved brows almost forming together a single arch, a Hebrew nose of the finer sort between harshly-developed cheek bones. His voice was soft—almost womanly: but it was quick and determined too.

An absurd fancy—especially absurd in so unfanciful a person—crossed the mind of Francis that even such must have Old Horneck himself have looked in the flesh: or rather must look now, if he really ever, as men said, revisited his steeple by the light of the moon. Just such black eyes must have glowed out of just such caves: just so pale and dead a skin would tell of one who lived and worked only by night, and lay underground all day.

"That's where you are, Skipper," said the Blacksmith. "Right or wrong, blamed if we know. Squire Carew of Hornacombe wants a trip aboard the *Maiden*."

"Oh!" said the other, bringing his eyes to bear upon all who had no business there. "Nance Derrick, too—eh? Which is Squire Carew of Hornacombe?"

"I," said Francis, stepping forward. "My friend here and I are in trouble—as young fellows will be, now and then—and we want to be set down somewhere beyond sea. Of course we don't want a free passage, Captain Horneck."

"Horneck? The devil!"

"I beg your pardon," said Francis. "I don't know why the name came to my tongue: but I suppose it's natural about here. Well—is it done?"

"Come, lads—look alive!" shouted the Skipper, turning from him brusquely. "The tide won't wait: it doesn't want more than myself to settle this affair. No, Squire. It's not done. You and your mate may be in trouble: but so are hundreds of better men: and the *Maiden's* got plenty to do without being a ferry-boat for jail-birds. And I'm too old a chough to be caught with claff, young man. I'm an honest merchant captain: and I'm not going to let my owners in for risks outside the way of trade."

"Tell Captain Trestrail," said Nance, "what you will pay." Francis noticed that the man and the girl, though knowing one another by name, and doubtless old acquaintances, had not spoken to one another a single word.

"It is all a matter of money," added she, aloud. But the Skipper took no notice of her taunt, if such it was meant to be.

"It isn't rich men that run away, Captain Hor—Trestrail," said Francis. "But I'll pay what I can. Say five-and-twenty guineas down, and five-and-twenty when we land."

"Hm. If it's worth fifty guineas to get away, it's worth more."

"Not a penny more," said Nance, coldly and firmly. "I told Mr. Carew what to offer you as we came along. You will take him for that."

"And twenty guineas over," said Francis, who hated a bargain. "I can stand that. Is it 'done' now?"

"I don't ask you what you've done," said the Skipper,

"and I don't want to know. And I don't ask your mate's name, nor what he's done. Out-running the constable, or cheating the hangman, 'tis all one to me. But a bargain's a bargain. If this is a plant to get us into mischief, and if trouble comes of this voyage, I'll put it down to your account, and overboard you'll go. You've heard my name: and if ever you heard of it before, you know well enough it means a man of his word. And you'll submit to discipline while you're aboard: and you'll find it tighter than a man-o'-war."

He said nothing more about the money, after Nance had taken that matter in hand: and Francis, occupied as he was with his own affairs, could not help dreading lest there should be something more between this Trestrail and the girl than he would wish to fancy. Nobody could imagine anything wrong about Nance in the common—that is to say, the uncharitable—sense. But then any relation, whatever it might be, would be wrong between these two. He did not like the looks of Captain Trestrail—they were altogether too outlandish to suit an honest Briton when to look like a Frenchman was to stand convicted of every crime. And here, no doubt, had been this fellow coming and going in the *Maiden*, moonlight night after moonlight night, in constant communication with Derrick, and therefore with Derrick's girl. It took a long time to know Stoke Juliot, thought Francis, indeed. Of courage he had as much as even a lover needs: but it was not so wholly blind as that of Mr. Davis, and it was not with much satisfaction that he looked forward to a long voyage in this man's company and under his command.

"You may trust him now," said Nance, as if answering his inmost thought. "He will have to bring me back a sure sign that you are safe: or he knows what he knows. And he will bring back the sign."

Francis could not comprehend: but he was ashamed of having somehow shown signs of a mistrust that could possibly be misread by a woman into fear. Otherwise he might have thought more of words that seemed to imply yet more strongly than ought else some peculiar relation between these two.

"I have no distrust of Captain Trestrail—none," said he, stoutly. "He is a sailor, and we are men in trouble: that is enough, I suppose. He trusts us, and we trust him. Good-bye, dear Nance: never while you live shall you regret all you have done for me this day. Stay in the cottage, and wait till you hear from me. It won't be long. You are a scholar, you know, and I'll try to write plain. Promise you won't leave the cottage till you hear from me—and I shall have to write to Haynes, and Mrs. Drax, and Parson Pengold, and—and—"

"Miss Openshaw?"

"Everybody—about all sorts of things: but you first of all. By George, my dear girl, if it weren't for you, we should be in jail this night, instead of on the sea. . . . Good-bye. . . . Come," said he to his friend.

"No," said the poacher. "I will not come. Neither I, nor you."

They were the first words Nance had heard him speak: and they startled her; as, indeed, they startled Francis besides. They were very quietly spoken, but in a tone of resolve there was no mistaking. They looked at him: he was absorbed in the contemplation of Captain Trestrail.

"Are you mad?" asked Francis, impatiently. "The boat will be putting off in half a minute—come."

"I would rather be hanged," said he, still devouring the Skipper with his eyes. "And scarce as alive, hanged I'll be."

"Great Heaven!" cried Francis, "Was ever mortal but I troubled with such a man? You must come, and you shall. I must go: and without you I must not stir, whatever befalls."

"What in the devil's name are you staring at me like that for, fellow?" asked the Skipper, angrily. "Did you never see a British sailor before? If you're coming, look sharp: if you're not, all the better: but don't stare at me."

"Maybe 'twas a dream—maybe 'twas a dream," mused the poacher, but without moving his eyes. "Maybe it's all a dream, from beginning to end: and sometime I'll wake up under the boughs and find the trees true again. But the sea—no: never the sea. And never with you. If I must have bad dreams, I'll choose my own. I'll dream I'm hanged. One can't go on dreaming after dreaming one's hanged."

He said all this in the calmest way: almost too calm for sadness, though it was sad, too.

"I didn't bargain for a madman"—began the Skipper, returning the gaze.

Francis was in despair. He could not leave the fellow to be taken at his word, though the temptation was sore.

"Skipper," said he, "This man must and shall go. It is more needful for him to go than I. I said we were in trouble: and—you see. Here, my lads," he called out, "Into the boat with him, and every man of you shall have a guinea more."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the poacher threw off the coat that impeded his wits as well as his limbs, threw it at the faces of two or three fellows who had run forward at the hint of a guinea, and took to his heels. Nor was there one there who could have caught him, save one—and that was Fortune. By darting behind the carts, he bettered his start: and, by bettering his start, he lost the race. For he rushed into the arms of Mr. Davis, who, seeing escape for himself impossible, clasped the poacher with a practised grasp that combined strength with skill.

Nor did the poacher resist, beyond a moment's obedience to impulse. "Follow me—run," he said quickly to the keeper. "A race to the gallows! You're a woodman—not a seaman. So I'll give in to you. But now—run."

But Mr. Davis was a bull-dog, not a greyhound; and it was length of limb that was needed then—not strength of jaw. A moment had been enough to lose that game. Davis had caught the poacher: but the free-traders had caught Davis, and, therefore, the poacher too.

Nevertheless so stupid a brain as the keeper's did not know how to turn, nor so stupid a heart how to tremble.

"Name o' the law!" cried he. "This here's Cowcumber Jack that murdered Derrick: and that there's Squire Carew that helped him, that a warrant's out after, too: and if ye don't want to be hanged, every man jack of ye, for aiding and abetting, hold 'em fast and stand by!"

Cowcumber Jack—the hero of the hour! Neither Francis Carew, nor Captain Trestrail, nor, least of all, the poor hero himself, could have counted upon the magic of that name. Before the Skipper himself, who seemed for once utterly taken aback, could say a word, the keeper was sent rolling over on the sands, and the poacher was thrown into the empty boat well nigh head-over-heels, and his coat after him. Nay, the slow and sullen Stoke Juliot throats gave out a dull roar that sounded almost like a cheer: It was a mad impulse, even for a crowd: a less stupid fellow than Davis might, with a trifle of tact, have turned the feeling the other way. And it was a brutal impulse, again, even for a crowd, considering that the murdered man's daughter was standing by, fresh from her father's grave. . . . But so it was. The Skipper made two strides forward towards the prostrate keeper: then two strides back again. There was a faint gleam of steel in the moonlight—but the Blacksmith laid his heavy hand upon the Skipper's arm.

"No, Skipper," said he. "There's no call to be scared of

one man. Knives are for need." Davis, defeated, but not even yet conquered, staggered to his feet, and doubled his fists: and the Skipper, seeing that the popular voice was against murder, turned sharply upon Francis.

"Now, mate—come, if you're coming," said he, roughly. There was no longer time for thought. "Remember—don't quit till you hear!" was all he had time to call to Nance. He waded into the surf after Captain Trestrail, and scrambled into the stern of the boat: the boat was pushed off, gave a long leap, and settled steadily under the oars.

He had little fear for Mr. Davis: nor (it must be confessed) had he very great amount of care, even though he may forfeit a certain amount of sympathy thereby. Of course it was his duty to see that that zealous vindicator of the law came to no needless harm. But then duty, or what he took for such, was pulling so many ways at once: and then the keeper was so uncommonly like a human bloodhound. If a man will run his head at a brick wall, and the bricks happen to be harder than the head, the natural consequences must needs follow. It was a rough place and a rough time: and one does not, when pursued by a bloodhound, whether it have two legs or four, waste time by turning back to make kind inquiries if it tumbles down.

What the crew of the *Maiden* would turn out had yet to be seen, except in so far as one might judge from the style of their skipper. The boat's crew was of Stoke Juliot. Captain Trestrail himself held the rudder. The poacher, the unworthy cause of all this fracas, sat in a state of dismal apathy, every vestige of expression passed out of his face and bearing. A more miserable contrast between the outlaw of Depe Wood and this abject being would be hard to find. A popular hero is often a poor creature enough, but not often more deplorably unequal to his reputation than he whom Stoke Juliot had chosen to set up as the vindicator of the rights of the people against the rights of law. Meanwhile Francis Carew had forgotten what Boredom means. He enjoyed the excitement of the stag who has baffled or outstripped the hounds: he was a fugitive with the sense of crime: he was becoming steeped in adventure, past, present, and to come. Life was growing worth the living. All his senses revelled in the bullets of the wind, the salt spray, the swing and grind of the oars, the dark water, the flying scud, the misty moonlight, with a clear star named "Mabel" shining constant over and through it all.

"This here's Cowcumber Jack!" the keeper had exclaimed. All that follows has taken long enough to write: it has probably taken short enough to read. But even rapid reading does not measure the swiftness of the action. From the time when the keeper first grasped the poacher round the waist till the time when the boat was full five lengths beyond the outer surf, all had happened in a flash, and everything together.

To one heart there it gave time but for a single thought—"The man who murdered father: sent into my hands in answer to my longing: and it is I who have let him go!"

And brought under her roof by Francis Carew: and her gold borrowed to insure the Murderer's flight—it was infamy. Had she been as yet a full-blown witch, the boat for the *Maiden* would have foundered then and there. She clutched at her bosom with a fury of wrath that could have found no human words. Alone on the earth, denied justice by man, refused pity by woman, mocked alike by Heaven above and by the powers below, betrayed by the man to whom her heart belonged, once in worship, but now in shame and scorn, repulsed even by the very neighbours as if already branded with the seal of lost souls, and impotent through it all.

The keeper limped towards her, followed by a hoot and a groan.

"You Black Witch!" he growled at her as he passed her. "So this is all your work—eh? I'll make a clean sweep of this hell, as sure as I'm living man."

She did not answer him: she did not even seem to feel the blow. She did not notice that, as soon as she was seen between the keeper and the rest, none followed him. It was as if her presence created an unseen barrier, across which none dared move. She stood there motionless, blind, deaf, and dumb while the last waggon was loaded in ominous silence: and there she was standing when the last whip cracked and the last wheel creaked under its load—even till she was left alone with old Horneck's black steeple upon the desolate sweep of sand.

(To be continued.)

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM COLLEGES.

The following awards have been made at Girton College, consequent upon the recent examinations:—The College Scholarship, of the annual value of £45 and tenable for three years, is awarded to Miss B. A. Holme; the Scholarship given by the Misses Metcalfe, of the annual value of 50 guineas, is awarded to Miss A. Ramsay; the Clothworkers' Exhibition, of the value of 30 guineas per annum, is awarded to Miss A. Liberty; the Scholarship founded by the Old Students of the College, and of the annual value of £45 per annum, is adjudged to Miss M. S. Worley; the Drapers' Company's Scholarships are adjudged to the Misses A. S. Riding and M. S. Raymond, of the Clergy Daughters' School, Bristol.

The scholarships offered by the council of Newnham College for success in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, held in June last, have been awarded as follows:—The Goldsmiths' Scholarship to Miss Ashford, Bromsgrove; the Clothworkers' Scholarship to Miss Bishop, Newnham College; the Drapers' Scholarship to Miss Gardner, Newnham College; the Cobden Scholarship to Miss Earp, Newnham College; the scholarship given by a private donor for success in Greek, to Miss Pocock, Newnham College. Scholarships have also been awarded to Miss Powell, Bisham; Miss Raleigh, Newnham College; Miss Brown, Plymouth High School; Miss Poulton, Truro High School; Miss Helen Atkinson, Cambridge; Miss Moore, University College, Bristol; and Miss Flavell, Birmingham.

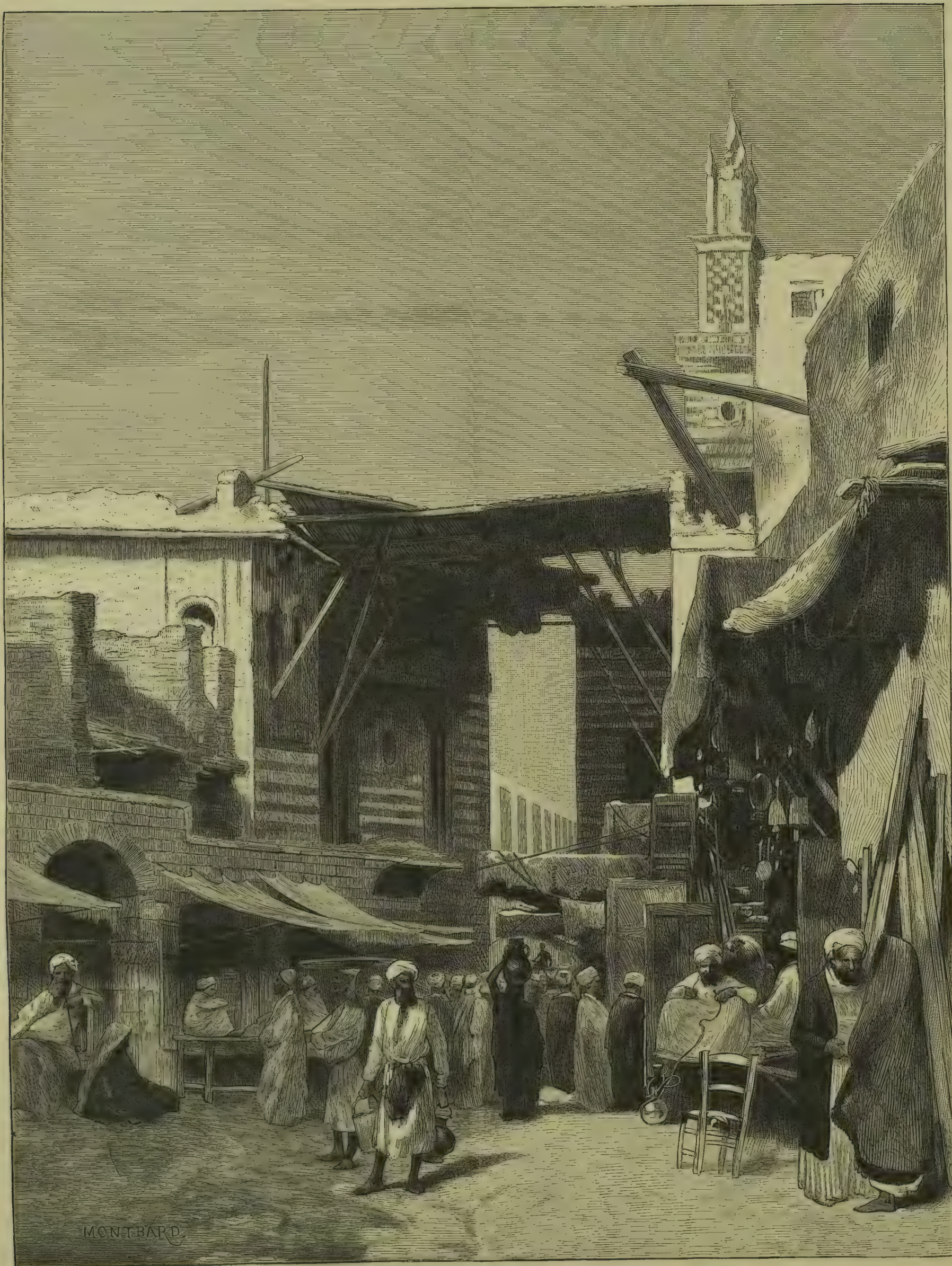
Four lady nurses have been selected to proceed to Egypt for service with the Army Medical Department in the Nile Expedition.

The Lord Mayor has issued invitations to the members of the Incorporated Society of Authors to a dinner at the Mansion House to-day (Saturday).

The Entrance Scholarship of the London Hospital Medical College, of the value of £60, has been awarded to Mr. William S. Fenwick; and that of the value of £40 to Mr. J. H. Sequiera.

Captain Chetwynd, R.N., having carried out a series of experiments in oiling the waves, has come to the conclusion that while in many cases such a plan is highly beneficial to fishing-vessels, and more especially to ships in the open sea, it is of practically no advantage to life-boats having to pass through the largest breakers, over which oil is powerless.

The number of persons of British origin who left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe during the nine months ending Sept. 30 was 200,078, of foreigners 49,701, and of persons whose nationality was not distinguished 3334, the total being 253,116. This shows a decrease, compared with the corresponding period of 1883, of 82,480.



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THE FRANCHISE BILL: "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!"

